LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 436 | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914 | ONE PENNY

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

277740

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following correct claims have been received:—

A. KINGSWELL, Eight Bells, Long Crendon, Thame, Oxon, September 12. 836,463.

A. H. ENGLAND, 37, Leslie-st., Wallsend-on-Tyne, Northumberland. September 12. 785,555.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 3rd:—

001248	230680	437186	725229	870589
008631	241224	465432	731186	886746
022961	249551	504226	745052	901482
050646	254461	533485	751854	946511
083116	307276	570565	774305	953226
121628	313915	592744	796489	978430
135261	359675	632965	807474	994628
181871	387378	660686	822703	A001683
200651	407823	691738	831882	A026761
209086	421478	702678	853078	A078248

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published October 14th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. October 10, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as Well and Shaves as Well as any Guinea Safety Razor.

... Note how carefully it is made—the perfection of every detail—the beautiful finish. Most safety blades, fast in their cutting edge. The whole blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

... Now put the CLEMAK 5/- by side with any other Safety Razor selling at a Guinea. You will then see for yourself that it is in every way the equal of the other Razors—and costs you 16/- less to buy. Then why pay a guinea?

The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades. The CLEMAK avoids all this.

Why not let your CONSTANT SHAVING be free from shaving troubles?

... The buyer is busy, so buy a Clemak and save yourself annoyance and waste of time.

... The Clemak Razor is undoubtedly the best shaving investment you can possibly make, and by its trustworthy and reliable service will prove a friend for life.

... Buy one to-day.

The Clemak Stropping Machine—after use [illegible] including a few keen blade shaves, enough for as many as the ordinary razor requires. Clemaks & Strops—Gifts for every shave.

... The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Stropper is a perfect Shaving Combination. They cost together 5s. 6d. and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

[illegible] BY ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c., [illegible]

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

FIRST READ THIS. If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Oct. 17th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Middlesbro'	v.	Newcastle
			Aston Villa	v.	Burnley
			Bradford	v.	Chelsea
			Manchester U.	v.	W. Bromwich
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Sheffield W.
			Notts. C.	v.	Manchester C.
			Leicester F.	v.	Notts F.
			Barnsley	v.	Preston N. E.
			Glossop	v.	Bury
			Wolver. W.	v.	Bristol
			Fulham	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Hull C.	v.	Birmingham
			Clapton O.	v.	Derby C.
			Luton T.	v.	Exeter C.
			Swindon	v.	Brighton & H.
			Millwall	v.	West Ham
			Bristol R.	v.	Plymouth A.
			Croydon C.	v.	Watford
			Reading	v.	Northampton
			Southampton	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

4

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 4, and post to reach us not later than Friday, October 16th.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on October 17th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of an mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the *next* most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Middlesbro' v. Newcastle
			Aston Villa v. Burnley
			Bradford v. Chelsea
			Manchester U. v. W. Brom.
			Bolton W. v. Sheffield W.
			Notts C. v. Manchester C.
			Leicester F. v. Notts F.
			Barnsley v. Preston N. E.
			Glossop v. Bury
			Wolver. W. v. Bristol C.

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Fulham v. Huddersfield T.
			Hull C. v. Birmingham.
			Clapton O. v. Derby C.
			Luton T. v. Exeter C.
			Swindon v. Brighton & H.
			Millwall v. West Ham
			Bristol R. v. Plymouth A.
			Croydon C. v. Watford
			Reading v. Northampton
			Southampton v. Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 436. Week ending Saturday, October 10th, 1914. One Penny.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S
GREAT SPEECH
Delivered at the
LONDON OPERA HOUSE
On MONDAY, SEPT. 14th.
ONE PENNY. Or by post of Messrs. ODHAMS Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C., Threehalfpence.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for OCT. 3rd, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number **916,233.**
Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The King and his Army.

What a pity the King was not advised by his Ministers to go to Marseilles personally to greet his Indian soldiers!

Half Measures.

At many of the coast resorts lights are at half pressure, and most of the public buildings are in darkness. But the piers continue to be illuminated nightly! And they afford the very best guides to airship pilots. After all, not many of the pier promenaders would object to comparative darkness!

Cinema Curiosities.

By the way, being in Brighton the other evening, we strolled into a cinema show in the King's Road; and for upwards of an hour were entertained with Indian Mutiny pictures, depicting the treachery of native troops. No wonder the two Germans sitting immediately behind us sniggered!

Our Appeal.

Many readers have asked us to reproduce the sentence in which, at the recent Opera House meeting, we closed our appeal for recruits. So here it is:—

> I make an appeal, an earnest appeal, to any young man who is capable of bearing arms, and is without good excuse, here and now to give in his name and join the Colours. Doing so, he will be hastening the arrival of the glorious day of which I have spoken, and he will have done his part; *but if he fail, he will be for ever branded as one who, in their bitterest trial, was false to the citizenship of his country and his Empire, and thereby became literally and in all truth an alien enemy of the King.*

And we still say so.

The Real K. of K.

The picture-postcard people will insist on selling photos of Kitchener as he was in the South African days—alert, shapely, dark-haired, and with a steely eye that looks through the back of one's skull. They should give us the up-to-date "K," with grizzled hair and moustachios, a tenderer eye, and a fuller figure. But the Man is still there.

Army Scandals.

This is not the time to talk of Army scandals, but we confess that it requires a big effort of will to induce us to refrain from publishing some of the stories of ineptitude and deception on the part of the War Office authorities which reach us by every post. When the war is over, K. of K. must stay at Whitehall till things are put right.

News from the Front.

Extract from letter written by a soldier to his chum at home:—"Please give my love to Maud and Phyllis when you see them, *but not when they are together.*"

Clubs and Germans.

We understand that considerable dissatisfaction exists amongst the members of the Royal Automobile Club, in regard to the large number of German members who are still permitted to remain—the Committee, apparently, declining to take action except in each individual case in reference to which a complaint is made, which, in other words, means converting the British members into informers. *More anon.*

Five Shillings for One.

There is just being put on the market a wonderful "John Bull" portfolio of War Celebrities—accompanied by biographical sketches. There are sixteen mounted photogravures of everybody who is anybody, and they could not be purchased elsewhere under five shillings. Just buy a set, and if you do not think you have a bargain write and tell us so—and we will see that you get your money back. It is IT.

Still at It!

Apropos of the futile attempt which was made by the "Party" men to get our name struck off the list of Parliamentary voters in South Hackney, there has just been a very glaring case in the Isle of Wight, where a despicable effort to get removed from the register the names of some of the Empire's defenders was frustrated. Objections were made by the Liberal Agent at the Cowes Revision Court to the votes of Captain Rudolf W. Bentinck, R.N., and other officers and men of the ship's company at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, who had left on active service. Happily this contemptible move was ineffectual. If the Party wire-pullers have not the decency to call a real truce during the present crisis, they might at least instruct their underlings to abstain from attacking the political rights of our gallant defenders when absent and in peril on land and sea.

Last chance to win our second £1,000 for Football Skill. See page 27.

In the Soup.

The war found Messrs. Gordon McDonald and Co., of 13, Northumberland Alley, E.C., in the unenviable position of purveyors of Knorr's Soup Squares to the trade. With Scottish resource, they lost no time in rising to the occasion. They realised that Knorr's Soup Squares, being of German origin, had had their day, but saw no reason why they should also cease to be—*until the stocks were exhausted*. Hence, in a letter to their retail customers, bewailing the fate that threatened Knorr's Squares, they announce that they "hope to be in a position to offer you shortly McDonald's soup squares 'dirk' brand," but that "In the event of your having large stocks of Knorr's soups on hand and finding any difficulty in selling on account of the German name, *we can supply you with 'McDonald' labels* for the purpose of labelling." Is it not enough that we should have German spies in our midst, awaiting their opportunity to do some deadly injury to the enemy of German "kultur"? Must we also run the hideous danger of encountering German soup squares in Scottish guise? Stands Scotland where she did, since any chiel o' hers can descend to such questionable commercial tactics? Well may Messrs. McDonald select as the trade mark of their forthcoming soup squares the deadly "dirk"!

A Laugh at Leamington.

Even in these serious-thinking days there are moments when people insist on tickling us; then we could laugh till we cry. The Leamington Corporation, nothing if not patriotic, is doing that to us now. In the "Arrangements for 1914" in the programme of municipal entertainments in Jephson Gardens, we find, under date August 24th, "Herr Meny's White Viennese Orchestra"; on the other hand, its actual appearance on August 27th is announced as "The Royal Belgian Orchestra, Conductor, Mons. P. R. Meny." The quick-change artist is always amusing. With the assistance of the Leamington Corporation, the Austrian becomes the Belgian in the twinkling of an eye, and should his sounding brass and tinkling cymbal eventually reach Petrograd, doubtless he will be Russian; if Berlin, German; or Paris, French. Meanwhile, we beg the audience not to shoot the musicians, for they may be doing their best; besides which it is alleged that the orchestra contains one Englishman and four Italians. And Italy is a neutral country.

Brassy!

Is not it about time Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, now fighting for Germhun "kultur" against freedom and civilisation, either removed his name, or had it removed, from the list of members of the Sunningdale Golf Club? Notwithstanding his murderous master's desire for "a place in the sun," there is no reason why Prince Albert should retain his place in Sunningdale.

Provost's Compliments to Germans.

Provost Stevenson, of Glasgow, has only himself to blame for the hornets about his ears. This is not the day, and the head of a Scottish municipality is not the man, to pay effusive compliments to Germhuns, as "Daniel the Great" should realise, despite his worship's brother-in-law being made in Germany. We have had enough of Germans, and everything German, in this country to last us many a day.

Pubs and Clubs.

We have excellent reason for stating that unless the present "eleven o'clock rule"—to use a House of Commons phrase—is speedily modified, half the working men's institutions will have to close their doors. Was this the intention of the Government when passing the recent Act?

A Business Plan.

The severest test of our national spirit is yet to come. As the war proceeds, we are able to foresee, with painful clearness, the nature and extent of the industrial problem, which, at any moment, may become acute. The outlook in the Lancashire cotton trade is already grave, while in other important industries, severe depression has actually set in. In these circumstances, it is to be hoped that the Government will not be content with a mere distribution of charitable relief. Invited by the Board of Trade to discuss the approaching crisis, Sir Charles Macara, Chairman of the Lancashire Master Cotton Spinners' Federation, has urged the wisdom of a bold and decisive policy. A thorough believer in "the organisation of the forces of capital and labour to meet industrial crisis," he invites the Government to co-operate with the employers' and workers' associations in an effort to "carry on." The scheme would, of course, involve the establishment of an Advisory Committee of business men, which might contain the germ of a Business Board. War is a great teacher.

Footlights and Wages.

That a great many music-hall and theatrical artists have been hard hit by the drastic and sometimes unscrupulous way in which managers and proprietors have halved or thirded the wages of performers, is beyond a doubt. In a very large number of instances the actual pay-box business has been as good as ever; the artists, who, after all, make the business, have been really robbed, for the managers have smiled in their faces while picking their pockets. For the smaller artists the wages by sharing terms system has been a disastrous imposition. Receipt returns have been faked and expenses have been magnified, while, in instances which could be named, the patriotic contributions of stage proprietors represent part of the cash they have lifted from their artists' pockets. The performer at the top of the tree will sooner or later be able to take care of himself; the permanent victims, we regret to say, are likely to be the hardworking men and women who, at the best of times, have the hardest struggle to live.

Enemy Traders.

Our correspondence persuades us that the somewhat intricate provisions of the Trading with the Enemy Act are most imperfectly understood by many persons whom they primarily concern, and successive Proclamations on the subject have wholly failed to clarify the situation. Meanwhile, enemy traders are making desperate efforts to bluff their British customers into payment by all manner of misleading statements and devices, while certain legal firms have not scrupled to aid and abet their designs. In these circumstances the lot of the honest and patriotic tradesman is by no means a happy one, and he is clearly entitled to a larger meed of counsel and assistance than he has yet received. The Board of Trade should at once issue a circular, setting forth the principal requirements of the law in language which any intelligent business man can understand. It should be accompanied by a list of firms trading in Great Britain which have a substantial German or Austrian financial interest.

More Stock Exchange Grievances.

Here is another Stock Exchange grievance: Every member of the "House" is expected to subscribe for the "Official List," paying the amount quarterly; and to-day, when half of them are nearly starving, the Committee is insisting upon payment in full for the last quarter, although only one month's issue was published. Oh, for a Business Committee!

The best prize offer made by any paper. See "Bullets" page 28.

Croaking Cranks.

The anticipated arrival in Southport of 14,000 men attached to various Lancashire regiments has inspired an amazing outburst of teetotal fanaticism among a small section of the inhabitants. Not satisfied with the Magistrates' order for the closing of public-houses at 9 p.m., the local Band of Hope Union has passed a resolution advising householders to refuse to provide alcoholic drinks for soldiers who may be billeted upon them. This suggestion is directly opposed to the War Office Regulations, by which a definite allowance of beer is included in the dinner menu of billeted troops, and it is felt that some difficulty may arise if the fanatics should press their point. As usual, they are not unwilling to incur a little cheap martyrdom—always a first-class advertisement—and already we find one of their apostles declaring that he "will go before the Magistrates" rather than desert his "principles." It will take a lot of this clap-trap to persuade the good citizens of Southport to cheat the Tommies of their beer. Meanwhile, we would remind the Band of Hope Union that their self-appointed function is to teach little boys and girls the wickedness of drinking fermented liquors. In attempting to dictate the practice of adults, they are travelling beyond their sphere.

Another Patriotic Firm.

Every war has its bogus philanthropists. Messrs. James & Co., 45, New Street, Birmingham, are of them. Over waving Union Jacks they issue a "scheme of supplying tobacco to his Majesty's Army," set out with much patriotic palaver. Briefly, it is that for every ounce of tobacco bought from them for the troops they will add another ounce. On the face of it, this seems very thoughtful on the part of Messrs. James; but as tobacco for the front goes out duty free and the price is only about 2s. a pound, the manufacturer can well afford to add one ounce for every one bought in the ordinary way and still make excellent profit. This transparent trading-trick in the guise of patriotism is just now being adopted by several other firms; defended, probably, on the proverbial notion that "all is fair in love and war."

Letters for the Front.

What's the matter with the Post Office? Judging by complaints reaching us, there is considerable delay in the delivery of letters to soldiers at the front. Here is an example: "I have my youngest son at the front, and both I and his sisters have written to him and sent him small parcels of comforts, but whenever he writes he says he has not heard from us for a long time." There is probably a great deal of difficulty sometimes in locating new drafts, and we don't like throwing bricks at people who are doing their best if their best is as good as anybody else could do in their place. Correspondents who are certain of having complied with the Post Office and military regulations should complain to the Postmaster-General and the Depôt if their letters miscarry.

New Clo' for Old.

It vas a happy land vas Ingland, don't it? What with one thing and what with another, the Germhun prisoners are so well treated that we begin to doubt whether they will want to return to the Vaterland any more. Consider this contrast: German sailors picked up from a wrecked submarine and landed at Harwich were supplied with new serge suits, new shirts, and new underwear by the kind heart of the British taxpayer, through the Admiralty, while our own survivors were rigged out in second-hand misfits. If any sort of survivor from a watery grave in this war ought to be decked out to look pretty on coming ashore, our idea is that it should be the British.

War an Excuse for Sweating.

What is to be said of firms and individuals who take advantage of the distress and unemployment arising from the war to obtain cheap labour, paying wages they would be ashamed to offer in normal times? Here is an advertisement which recently appeared in an important London daily:—

> Clerks Wanted, in the provinces. Must be elderly men or married men over 35, thrown out of work owing to the war. Unblemished character essential. Wages £1 weekly.

In all probability, the individual responsible for the above is pluming himself on his patriotism—or congratulating himself on his smartness. We have another word for it. He demands more from his middle-aged married clerks at £1 a week that he himself possesses—an unblemished character; for no man with any character worthy the name would make so mean an attempt to exploit the misfortune of his fellow citizens.

Wise Words.

Nothing can be more mischievous than the statement too often heard that the men who are now enlisting "will never see the front." The suggestion that the war is "nearly over" is wholly devoid of military warrant, though well calculated to check recruiting and to damp the ardour of men already enrolled. Meanwhile, though we have no thought of dictating to the Army authorities, we are impressed by a recent pronouncement of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's in relation to the training of recruits. "It is natural," he says, "that the tedium of the mere goose-step should very soon fall upon them. They have enlisted to fight for their country. Do not let them cool down. Give them food for interesting work." Sir Robert would be the first to deprecate the sending of half-trained men to the seat of war, but, upon a sane construction, there is wisdom in his timely plea.

The Germhun Way.

We now know how and why the Germhuns got their heavy guns so readily into position at Maubeuge; the foundations were constructed very many months beforehand in preparation for a coming campaign. Sites were bought in the neighbourhood, by dummies financed from the Vaterland, for hotels and other substantial buildings, concrete foundations were made, the rest of the building was retarded, and on these foundations the huge guns, when it came to the grips of war, were mounted. This sort of thing is characteristic of the Germhun system; and it would perhaps be worth while for the authorities to look round London with the view of discovering whether there are any objects of the kind on hand. Not that we anticipate the training of any Germhun seige guns on London during this century. One of the arts of life, however, is to reduce your risks.

Home Truth.

Evidence of Germhun atrocities accumulates with appalling speed. The German League of Humanity has issued a manifesto which severely denounces the "abominable policy" of the Kaiser, which has "dishonoured the German nation." Emanating from a Teutonic source, such an outburst must be received with some reserve; but, for what it is worth, it may well be placed on record against the day of reckoning. Elsewhere there are not wanting indications that the minor kingdoms of Germany are growing tired of the Prussian hegemony of blood and iron. Till the war is over every German is a foe to be fought without truce or parley, but when at length it is given to us finally to rid Europe of the menace of Kaiserdom, we may win sympathy in unlikely quarters. The yoke of Potsdam chafes many a galling sore.

Ready next week—"The 'John Bull' Portfolio of War Celebrities." 1/- net.

THE "POTTY" POTENTATE OF POTSDAM.

A POTS-DAM FOOL.—OUR "CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY"!

He was the Man in the Street, and Somebody had been explaining to him all about the war; how the Kaiser had challenged the combined might of the British fleet, the French and Russian armies, and the rising power of Japan. The Man in the Street reflected for a moment, in order mentally to digest the picture; and then, in that apt phraseology which is his characteristic, he remarked—"The man must be 'potty.'" We took a note of the phrase; to-day we make it our text. The Kaiser must be mad, or, in the expressive vernacular of the thoroughfare—"potty." They whom the gods would destroy they first drive mad, said the old philosopher, and they must assuredly have fixed their eye on William, the Butcher of Berlin. Having got it into his brain that, in conspiring against the civilisation of Europe, he is "God's weapon, His sword and His vicegerent," he announces that it is his "royal and imperial command" that his soldiers should "exterminate first the treacherous English," and annihilate "French's contemptible little army." Probably by this time he has realised the truth of the old lines :—

Our Army may be small,
But we've shown before to-day
That a little British Army
Goes a damned long way.

If he has any doubt on the subject, we respectfully refer him to General von Kluck! The truth is that, like all maniacs—and especially the megalomaniac—the Kaiser has gone off half-cock. In one of his mad addresses to his troops he spoke of the Huns and of Attila. He should first have read his Moltke. He would have found one chapter in his fellow-countryman's History of France—if, indeed, it be not blasphemy to speak of anyone as his fellow-creature—a story about the son of Mundzuk which would have given him food for thought. It relates to the invasion of Gaul, and tells how, after Attila had raised the Siege of Orleans, he retired to Champagne, and awaited the enemy *in the great plain of the Marne*—at a spot now known as Chalons (Ah! he will recognise the name). At first he was victorious; *but then came a wonderful rally, and the Huns were completely routed*, the loss of life being put by the old historians *at a quarter of a million*, whose spectres, it is said, still haunt the identical field upon which the troops are at present located. Perhaps, in his nightmares, the mad monarch occasionally sees some of them at the foot of his bed turning down their thumbs. At any rate, we make him a present of the story, leaving him to ponder over the parts we have emphasised. History has *such* a knack of repeating itself!

WHEN HE WAKES UP.

One of these days, of course, the Kaiser will wake out of his mad dream, and it is as well that he should learn at the earliest possible moment what is in store for him. It is well from every point of view—except, perhaps, the Kaiser's. We have no patience with the maudlin counsel which bids us speak no evil of the foe. We have no honeyed phrases for the tyrant who is levying daily toll of our finest blood. From our lips he shall have the savage truth. And our candour is no product of to-day or of yesterday. It is not the offspring of sudden conviction, born of "war fever." From the establishment of this journal we have hailed the Potentate of Potsdam as the Mephistopheles of Europe, and the Arch-Enemy of Britain. Never for an instant have we doubted the studied malevolence of his designs. Indeed, it was always a matter of profound wonder to us that the patent malice of German policy should be imperceptible to intelligent students of world-affairs. We did our duty, as we saw it, earning a little ridicule, mostly good-natured; but, also, as we are learning at last, a deep measure of public gratitude. And now that the threatening storm-cloud has burst, we have no thought of scuttling for shelter. We decline to be gagged. Week by week there are things to be said which thousands have been thinking, things that will not be said elsewhere; and, as long as we can grip a pen, they shall be said in these columns. One of these things is so vital that it had better now be said again. The bloody Butcher of Berlin shall pay—shall pay in blood and gold.

In 1857 there was a mutiny in India, and a shocking massacre of women and children took place at Cawnpore. The Sutherland Highlanders were sent out, and Sir Colin Campbell, addressing the men before they went into action, reminded them that cowards who murder women and children cannot look a European soldier in the face, especially when he has in his hand cold steel; wherefore they were told not to fire a single bullet after they got inside a position, but to use the bayonet, grouped in threes, each assisting the other. And what was the result? When the order to charge was given, the whole force leaped over the wall with a yell such as no officer had ever heard before. It was not a cheer, but a concentrated cry of rage and ferocity that made the echoes ring again. The bayonet did the work; and not a man inside the enclosure escaped. *That* is the blood vengeance which we demand for the Berlin Butcher. Of the material tribute we have already spoken.

MAD MONARCH'S MEGALOMANIA.

The dynasty of the Hohenzollerns was reared upon conquest, and it may be said that Kaiser Wilhelm II. was cradled in war, with the roar of cannon for lullaby. Moralists, wont to trace character to early environment, may find in this fact a clue to the idiosyncrasies of the Mad Monarch, while believers in hereditary influence may reflect that he comes of a line of despots—devout adherents of the invincible Right of Might. It is not so long, as some of us have come to count our years, since the "young hopeful" of German Imperialism mounted the throne of his fathers: but the Germany

of to-day differs vastly from the ill-assorted medley of states which, in 1888, swore fealty to the grandson of their first Emperor. If you care to trace the process of development we must refer you, for what they are worth, to the history-books. Our concern here is with the living facts of to-day. The genesis of this mighty world-conflict is not to be traced in the musty records of the past. The famous library of Louvain held no clue to the motives of its shameless destruction. In seeking the fount and origin of the blood-stream now drenching Europe, we can dispense with the aid of the schoolmen. We need neither the historian's rule nor the platitudes of the politician. By unanimous consent, the unfettered judgment of the world has impeached the Kaiser at the Bar of Eternal Justice. Viewed in its human aspect, this War of Wars is the demoniac crime of a crowned assassin. To glut his maniacal blood-lust, and to feed his mad dream of power, a sceptred dastard has opened the sluices of destruction.

The Rake's Progress.

With the accession of Wilhelm II., now to be known to infamy for ever as William the Damned, a changed policy was manifest at Berlin. In 1890 it was formally inaugurated by "dropping the Pilot," and with the passing of Bismarck went the honour of German statecraft. Thenceforth the diplomacy of the Wilhelmstrasse was a curious and explosive compound of braggart insolence and craven subterfuge, bound sooner or later to burst into destroying conflagration. The Bismarckian policy of "blood and iron" had dignity as well as force, and was marked throughout by a rigid observation of Treaty obligations. It was replaced by a system of Machiavellian craft, aimed primarily at Britain and, through her, at the liberties of Europe. For the last two decades the "expansive" policy of the German Empire has been an Imperial "Rake's Progress." A demagogue to the finger tips, Wilhelm II. has artfully contrived to rivet the shackles of despotism upon peoples who fought for freedom through three centuries of ceaseless war. A professed believer in "the divine right of kings to govern wrong," he has bent the whole machinery of government to his imperious will; but it is in the realm of diplomacy that his audacious megalomania has found its most lurid expression. There have been innumerable indiscretions, "regrettable incidents," and not a few flagrant outrages upon the amenities of civilisation. Now that the day of reckoning is at hand, we may recall the earlier items of the score. As far as Britain is concerned, the cup of mortal insult is full to overflowing. The tail of the British Lion had been twisted till it was raw. The offences are fresh in the memory of all. We have not forgotten the congratulatory telegram to President Kruger at the time of the Jameson Raid, when the humiliation of British subjects filled Potsdam with unholy glee. Our troubles in South Africa thickened, and when at length the Boer Ultimatum forced us into war, the Kaiser spoke words which should have opened the eyes of every Briton to his sinister designs. He said; "We are in bitter need of a powerful German navy. Had I not been refused the increase for which I repeatedly pressed during the early years of my reign, *how different would be our position to-day!*" Britain's extremity was the Kaiser's opportunity, but, with savage disappointment, he found himself unready. To brook "refusal" was not his imperial habit, and, in the midst of the South African conflict, he was able to heighten his demand. The phrase has become historic; "Germany must have a fleet of such strength that, *even for the mightiest naval power*, war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own supremacy." We need hardly recall later incidents. The announcement of the *Entente Cordiale*—a bitter pill for the Kaiser—was the signal for the brutal intimidation of our gallant Ally in Morocco; renewed, in 1911, by the despatch of the *Panther* to Agadir—a display of armed diplomacy which brought us within an ace of war. But the Kaiser, as we said at the time, was not quite ready, and so he gave way. Of course, the German Fleet, openly dedicated to the overthrow of Britain, should have been strangled there and then. The guns should have spoken. But "The Day" has come at last, and we need waste no time in recriminations or regrets. Perhaps the truest portrait of the Scourge of Europe is one said to have been painted by himself, on the occasion of the devastating march of the modern Huns to the Legations at Pekin. His Diabolic Majesty has, for the nonce, assumed angelic guise. A Prussianised Archangel Michael stands "in shining armour" with one jack-boot firmly planted upon the dragon representing a prostrate China!

A God "Made in Germany."

If there be Justice in Heaven, William the Damned shall receive, at mortal hands, a foretaste of its avenging wrath. No unctuous mouthing of pietistic piffle shall save him. Doubtless he is a "man of god," but it is a puny, sickly god of his own making, ever to be spelt with the smallest of small "g's"—not the majestic God of Battles to whom, last week, we made our humble reverence. It is a wretched, soulless idol, "made in Germany," cast at Krupp's—a thing of steel and mechanism, wrought by "scientific manufacture" into some devil's shape, with the claws of a vulture, and the head of a ghoul. Into some such hideous apotheosis of German "culture" the mad Kaiser has breathed the breath of his snorting nostrils, impiously naming it with the Name of Nan es, careless of Omnipotent anger. Yet for outraged humanity, bleeding beneath the German Juggernaut, there is a sacred covenant of consolation and assurance. "Be not deceived. God is not mocked." And now nothing short of the personal chastisement of Kaiser Wilhelm can appease the justice of High Heaven or the righteous wrath of men. No principle of equity would be outraged if he were blown from the cannon's mouth. If justice assigned St. Helena to Napoleon, the Berlin Butcher has earned the Devil's Isle. Call loudly on your god, Lord Kaiser—you will need him yet! Is there no answer? Perchance, like Baal of old, he is sleeping, glutted with human sacrifice of your devout preparing. Perhaps he has encountered the God of Battles, and been shrivelled into nothingness by one breath of his Flaming Vengeance. Call louder yet! Still no answer? Then it is the silence of doom—the silence of which Hamlet spoke as his eyes closed and the sword fell from his hand.

Adieu, potty potentate—adieu, you Pots-dam fool!

"WAR WANGLERS."

OLD SCHEMERS WITH NEW "STUNTS."

We have recently dealt with a considerable number of artful dodgers who, after incurring our critical regard in other capacities, have now come into the limelight again, masquerading in the cloak of patriotism. This week we regret to have to add to the army of tatterdemalions F. W. Rackham, who—after playing many parts of a rascally nature, is now posing as Managing Director of the Medical Enterprise Society, Limited, 25, Palace Chambers, 9, Bridge Street, Westminster—has rushed into the field, like a carrion crow, to pick up what he can. Under the guise of a so-called "Red Cross Spares Committee" of the Society, he is publishing an egregious appeal to the soft-headed and soft-hearted to "spare your spares." He starts by stating:—

> As you will have noticed in the Press, we are making a special appeal for any of the oddments there are to be found either in a private house or in a house of business. . . . We can find a use for them either in or about the hospital for the amusement or benefit of the wounded and convalescents, and if such articles should not be of use they will still realise some small sum for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund. . . .

We have not—nor, indeed, has the correspondent who sends us the circular—seen any support in the Press of Rackham's new move, and it is certainly unlikely that any London journal would countenance his machinations.

Another undesirable is W. J. Morgan, who will be remembered as the head cook and bottlewasher of the pseudo North British Academy of Arts, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The devices by which he has been obtaining members—and entrance fees—have been from time to time exposed in these columns. For a long period he was the sole proprietor, although calling himself merely "Honorary Secretary and Curator." He has now, however, registered the business under—of all things!—the Friendly Societies Act, a measure which was not intended to facilitate such a concern. Morgan is now promoting a scheme which he calls "Union Jack Day," the proposition being to sell on October 21st little flags purchased from the "Academy." According to a local newspaper, the Lord Mayor of Newcastle has turned a deaf ear to Morgan's blandishments, not even acknowledging the invitation to participate. His Lordship probably reads John Bull!

The Pensioner's Pageant.

No clique of this kind would be complete without Taverner—the founder of the egregious (to put it mildly) Old Age and Middle Age Pension Societies—promptly stepping forward with a plan to "entertain one or more Belgian families," and an appeal for food and for the loan of bedding and furniture for the party to be lodged at his house. This was issued in the name of "Mrs. Taverner, Victoria College, West Road, Congleton"—it is not clear whether the lady referred to is his wife or mother. Subsequently, however, Taverner showed his hand by issuing a bill announcing the time of arrival of the first section of the refugees. Meanwhile, he had been rushing about in his motor-car (paid for by the poor bamboozled pensioners) exhorting the crowd in frenzied tones—there is little doubt that, as with others of his kidney, he is half knave and half imbecile. After several false alarms, nineteen Belgians did actually reach Congleton, the Boy Scouts lining the street, the town band being present in force and pandemonium reigning throughout the place. A cartload of bread was contributed by the charitable—but most of this was given away to locals, as the refugees, after all this fuss, left the place the next day. They were probably disgusted with their treatment, as they appeared to be people who, in normal times, occupied decent positions. After they had left, articles for the use of further parties were received at the "College," but the authorities have now apparently "tumbled" to Taverner's game, for the rascal's latest placard breaks the news to his townsmen that: "The London Committee have not yet completed the election of the party." Quite unabashed, however, he adds: "Directly we receive word from London notice will be posted, so as to give everyone an opportunity to join in giving the refugees a hearty British welcome." Poor refugees! Bandied about to aid the schemes of a man like Taverner and to make a Congleton holiday!

NATIONAL PENNY BANK SMASH.

OUR VICTORY—ALLEGATIONS TO BE INVESTIGATED.

Once again it has been our privilege to perform signal service to the public. From the day the National Penny Bank closed its doors we have fought single-handed—so far as the Press is concerned—a battle on behalf of the depositors for the immediate relief of their necessities. And we have won, despite the forces which were arrayed against us. The contention which we advanced was that the Government should step in, that the Board of Trade should have the conduct of liquidating the affairs of the Bank, that an immediate cash payment on account be made to all depositors over £2, and that the claims of those having less money in the bank should be paid in full. At the eleventh hour, the Government has exerted its influence; a Compulsory Order has been obtained; the Official Receiver is to have charge of the winding-up, and a cash dividend of 5s. in the £ is to be paid forthwith to all depositors, whilst steps are to be taken to pay the balance of 15s. in the £ to those depositors who had less than £2 in the Bank. So far, then, the task we set ourselves has been completed, and its fruits will shortly be enjoyed by all the 132,760 sufferers.

After Supplies, Redress of Grievances.

But it is necessary, as we stated last week, that matters should not be permitted to rest with the relief of depositors. The failure of the Bank has been due—and we say this with a full sense of the responsibility resting upon us—not to the war, but to bad administration; and it will be the duty of the Official Receiver to take note of the points to which we shall shortly draw his attention. We are fully aware of the fact that the same forces which were at work to prevent the success of our agitation for compulsory liquidation will be set into operation to prevent full disclosure being made of the manner in which the affairs of the Bank have been conducted; but we shall not flinch. We have won the first round and intend to win the second.

To show what efforts were made to prevent the granting of a Compulsory Order, we would cite the manner in which the appointment of Mr. F. W. Pixley, as Receiver of the funds of the Bank, was obtained. Although Mr. Pixley declared at the recent meeting of shareholders and depositors that he had no direct or indirect communication with the directors of the Bank prior to his appointment, it now appears—and the facts have been sworn to—that he owed his appointment to the application made by the secretary of a company called St. Margaret's Mansions, Ltd., *the directors of which were also directors of the Bank*. So that, quite unawares, Mr. Pixley was appointed by a nominee of the Bank's own directors!

A Strange Situation.

But what is stranger still is that the solicitors of the Bank, upon whose recommendation Mr. Pixley says he knew he had been nominated, are also solicitors of the St. Margaret's Mansions, Ltd. Nevertheless, the Court was told on the application that "the plaintiff had with the Trustees and the Company considered and agreed the form of an Order appointing Mr. Pixley Receiver of the Trust funds and securities"! Not one word about his being their nominee. Surely a most inauspicious start for an impartial investigation of the Bank's affairs and of the liability—if any—of the directors and officers for its collapse. If, then, Mr. Pixley had continued as Receiver and Voluntary Liquidator of the Bank, it would have been most difficult for him to investigate the affairs impartially as between the depositors and the directors. The depositors had no voice in his appointment, and could not have interfered with his conduct of the liquidation. The interests of the shareholders are in direct conflict with those of the depositors, for the former are debtors to the Bank for something like £50,000 uncalled capital, and, moreover, a question will arise whether some of the dividends received were really earned. Thus it was impossible to permit Mr. Pixley to retain his post, and we felt it our duty to see that he was superseded.

The way is now clear for us to show how badly the affairs of the Bank were administered, and we shall formulate our allegations on that head at the earliest possible moment.

Don't forget the Pen Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

THE G—A—S OF THE BRITISH ASS.

SMASHING GERMAN TRADE AT A BOB A TIME.

No. 27, Great Quebec Street, Montagu Square, W., is likely to figure as an historic landmark in days to come. For the present, it houses the G.A.A., Ltd. (General Amalgamated Agency) the British Association of Retail Purchasers, Mr. G. Alexander Siday, originator of the former and the Founder and Honorary General Secretary of the latter, and Messrs. Morgan and George, solicitors.

Mr. G. Alexander Siday is, as he states in an advertisement in *The Times*, "the originator of the G.A.A. system of co-operative trading in 1906." This system is carried on by the General Amalgamated Agency, Ltd., a private company registered in 1911 with a nominal capital of £1,000, of which but £2 was paid up according to the last return of the Agency filed at Somerset House!

From a two-column advertisement appearing in an evening paper, we learn that the British Association of Retail Purchasers is founded on "Common-sense Patriotism."

> To enable the British Community, through the individual purchaser, to encourage and promote by direct personal support British Industries and British Trade Interests and to exercise its veto upon the circulation of all undesirable foreign, sweated or unfairly marketed products prejudicial to such Industries and Interests.

This somewhat large order is to be filled by taking advantage of certain arrangements made through the G.A.A., Ltd. (paid-up cash share-capital, £2), thus enabling

> every private purchaser to purchase goods of British manufacture on lower terms than ever offered by any other firm of retail distributors.

All that the private purchaser has to do is to pay one shilling per annum "being an inclusive entrance fee and subscription for Membership for One Year," and to send along his order for goods, which will then be placed with British manufacturers and enable him

> to obtain their products at from 2s. to 5s. in the £ less than the prices charged by the Stores, so-called Co-operative Societies and retailers in general.

It is not stated where this British Association of Retail Purchasers, backed up by the G.A.A., Ltd. (paid-up share-capital £2), comes in, or whether it proposes to carry on its existence from the shilling subscriptions which it hopes to receive from noodles. So far as Mr. G. A. Siday is concerned, having founded the G.A.A., Ltd., on the lines already mentioned, and having advertised the aims of the British Association of Retail Purchasers, he is now busy in another direction, as in *The Times* he states that he

> REQUIRES IMMEDIATELY the CO-OPERATION of several BUSINESS GENTLEMEN to act on the board of directors of the G.A.A., Ltd.

We break off here to mention that, according to the file at Somerset House, the present directors of the G.A.A., Ltd., are Mr. Siday, Mr. A. E. Martin, ship-broker, Mr. Charles Richardson, motor-carriage builder, Mr. T. J. Morgan, solicitor, and Mr. John Richardson, engineer. In Mr. Siday's advertisement he states that the several business gentlemen who are now required to act as directors of the G.A.A., Ltd., must provide

> Qualification not less than £1,000 in Five Per Cent. Preference shares,

and that their fees will be £50 per annum.

They are to apply to Messrs. Morgan and George, the solicitors of the G.A.A., Ltd., and the British Association of Retail Purchasers, and they are told that by purchasing their £1,000 qualification they will

> have an opportunity of taking part in one of the most important movements of modern times.

We note that the Honorary Chairman of the British Association of Retail Purchasers is Sir Frederick R. St. John, K.C.M.G., aged 83, and that amongst the Honorary Members of the London Committee are the Hon. P. Pelletier (Agent-General for Quebec), and a good many lesser lights, hardy sufficiently well known to inspire confidence in either those who are to send along 1s. for the shadowy benefits promised them, or to find £1,000 in order to earn £50 in Mr. Siday's £2 G.A.A., Ltd.

Much that is puerile and futile is done at the moment under the cloak of patriotism, but Mr. Siday's proposal, and the manner in which he has prepared the way to spring it upon the public, require some beating.

A WORD TO LORD KITCHENER.

"CONFIDENTIAL REPORT" VICTIMS EAGER FOR THE FRAY.

The wastage of war has depleted the British ranks of so many officers, and the need for them is so great, that we suggest to Lord Kitchener that he might, in the emergency, invite those who have resigned as the result of adverse "confidential reports" to resume their commissions. There are doubtless many of this class of officer who would gladly take the field again with all the enthusiasm of patriotism if they were given another chance, even if they had to be licked into shape before they are sent to the front. Everybody who is fit and of satisfactory character ought to have a chance in this war. We believe that the trouble in many of these cases was that the victims did not "get on" with their colonels; trivial matters which in the ordinary way would have been smoothed over were magnified by personal antipathy. Beyond a doubt many officers "confidentially reported" to the ruin of their career in the army would have done well under some other colonel.

It would not be difficult to mention instances where capable officers were ruined for no other reason than this, and we are confident that at a word of encouragement and forgiveness from Lord Kitchener they would willingly and bravely step into "the imminent deadly breach" in the interests of their country. Sensitive, they are now standing back lest if they applied to resume their commissions red-tape officials would snub them. Officers are needed, badly needed. Let the brain department of the War Office forgive and forget. Let these men, if they will, start afresh. Let them begin a new life for their country and their King. "Confidential reports" are not going to win this war. Regimental jealousies and personal antipathies are not going to win this war. Red tape cost us hundreds of thousands of pounds and many thousands of lives in the Boer War, and it is not going to win in this one. The messers and muddlers who cost us so dearly on the South African veldt were miserable sinners who did nearly everything they should not have done and hardly anything they should have done, because there was no health in them. At the head of the War Office we now have a Man. With all the steel in him—or perhaps because of all the steel in him—Lord Kitchener is just, and we are confident that if he looks into this matter himself, as he undoubtedly will, with a single eye to the good of the country, he will not allow any red-tape to stand in the way of the reinstatement of officers of the class we have named.

CLEAN BOWLED.

A WHEEZE THAT DIDN'T WORK.

A Glasgow reader has had a brush with Messrs. J. H. Bennett and Co., trading as "The Bennett College," of Regent Street, Sheffield. For some time past these people have been working the "postal tuition upon easy payment" scheme, and, at the instance of one of their canvassers, the son of our correspondent had acceded to their promising proposal to teach him "mining" by means of written lessons. With the first call to arms, however, the youth was off to the Colours, leaving his father—who had guaranteed the payments—to fix matters up with the Sheffield firm. He at once wrote informing them that his son had enlisted and plainly intimating that in the exceptional circumstances which had arisen, instalments and lessons must wait till the end of the war. In reply they wrote:—

> We are very pleased to hear that your son has nobly answered his country's call, but we must remind you that you become guarantor, and we must require you to fulfil your position as guarantor by making the payments. We admit it is rather hard on you to have to pay the money, but we do not require it all at once; you can either pay off the amount by instalments as per the guarantee, or you can pay the amount up to date and return the books.

To these blandishments our correspondent turned a deaf ear. He declined to pay any instalments which had become payable since his son's enlistment, while, as for the books, he had already intimated that the "College" might fetch them if they chose. In all the circumstances of the case, his attitude is fully justified. Having taken a firm stand, our friend has little to fear.

£1,000 for a Football Forecast. Final Coupon this week.

"WROPPED IN MYSTERY."

MASKED BATTERIES IN FLEET STREET.

The eye of many an honest, hard-working man, thrown out of work by the war, must have brightened when it lit upon the following advertisement in one of the morning papers:—

> Employment, well paid, in a national cause for suitable commercial men and women of excellent character who have been hit by the war. Address, with complete but brief details of abilities and copies of testimonials, Assoc., Box ——.

Persons who responded received a remarkable circular letter, headed "Anti-'Made in Germany' Association, Established to promote British trade and industries. Headquarters: 190, Fleet Street, London." This document, which bore no signature other than the title of the Association in type-written characters, and did not mention the name of any official or other person accepting responsibility for it, after considerable high falutin' talk about its "great national cause," stated: "We are obtaining, and expect you to obtain, influential manufacturer, merchant and tradesman members, as well as the enormous numbers of the public who will be ready to respond." The pay offered to the commercial men and women is 25 per cent. upon what they can rope in—whoever sent out the circular naïvely saying: "It will therefore be of advantage to you to introduce contributors as much above the nominal subscription of a shilling as you can, and we have no doubt that local public men whom you must interest in the cause will contribute guineas." Enclosed with this effusion are a couple of printed leaflets, one confining itself to somewhat pointless raillery at our enemies, and the other stating the objects of the Association, viz.:—

> 1. To induce every British Man and Woman to support British Industries by abstaining from buying, selling, or in any way handling articles "Made in Germany," or Austria, or employing Germans or Austrians whose presence in this country has been a source of valuable assistance to our enemies.
>
> 2. To provide employment in the National cause promoted by the Anti "Made in Germany" Association for suitable men and women who are victims of the War, thus helping them over the present crisis, and increasing their subsequent opportunities.
>
> 3. To undertake any other enterprise to develop British Trade or Industry at home and abroad.

To carry out the first object it is in no way necessary to belong to any Association (even were an official one, under the auspices of well-known public men, to be established). The second object is apparently the precious little touting scheme which is already on foot, while the third is of an amazing vagueness. Copies of the enrolment card, certificate of membership, and official receipt are obligingly furnished, but on these, too, there is no disclosure of the names of the people who are going to have the spending of the subscriptions, less the generous commission to those who catch the golden egg layers. The strong desire of the wire-pullers to remain hidden is emphasised by a remarkable postscript scribbled on the letter:—"We are"—whoever "we" may be—"too busy to see you now. Any communication must be made in writing." Our representative, however, ventured to intrude upon the arduous labours of the patriotic 75 per-centers—to find that the Association is run from the office of Mr. S. P. Thorne, who has a typewriting business on the second floor of 190, Fleet Street. Inquiry of a young girl there elicited the information that "Mr. Wallace only sees people by appointment previously made in writing." Nobody in the building—at any rate, outside the office of Mr. Thorne—knows anything at all of the Association, and it is hardly necessary for us to say that we do not recommend subscriptions to it. Although, like the birth of Jeames de la Pluche, it is "wropped in mystery," one fact emerges pretty clearly, and that is that members will get very little of practical value for their money—whether it be the "nominal" shilling, the big wig's guinea, or even the half-crown so touchingly apostrophised in his early career by Mr. Montague Higg—who we are sure would, when his financial genius ripened, have been much struck by the opportunities afforded by such a scheme as this.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL."

SHOCKING TASTE OF LONDON TOMBSTONE SCULPTORS.

In their anxiety for business, Messrs. Gawthorpe and Sons, the memorial sculptors, of 16, Long Acre, London, are inflicting a despicable outrage on persons who have relatives at the front. We have at this moment before us a sample of the literature which this incredible firm is sending through the post. They are so anxious to be first with storied urn and marble bust and graven tablet that they do not even wait till the Hand beckons and the Voice calls. They stand at the Valley of the Shadow of Death before the victim passes through, shouting their wares at the entrance like a street auctioneer. They send pictures illustrating what they can do for your relatives at the front in case they should be killed on the field or die in hospital, with assorted inscriptions and beautiful texts. There are samples of art in bronze and marble, in stone and alabaster, all the prices and sizes being detailed so that relatives will have plenty of time to think over what will be the most suitable memorials for their brave loved ones in case they die. As further evidence of their enterprise, and in order to encourage relatives to keep things going for the good of the country and Messrs. Gawthorpe and Sons, of 16, Long Acre, London, as aforesaid, the firm enclose a slip headed "Business as Usual. Extracts from the Lord Mayor of London's Message to the People"—for all the world as if what was foremost in his Lordship's mind was graves and worms and epitaphs and that small model of the barren earth which serves as paste and cover to our bones, as Shakespeare has it. "Let business go on as usual," Messrs. Gawthorpe's quotation commences. "Those who have money to spend, let them spend it, for never in the country's history was it more necessary to keep the ball rolling. Business as usual. This is Albion's cry to-day. . . . Let us go on just the same. This is our part. Trade must not only go on as before; it must improve." This is not only Albion's cry to-day; it is the cry of Messrs. Gawthorpe, of 16, Long Acre, London, as aforesaid, tombstone merchants. Never mind whether or not your relatives at the front are yet dead; if they are not they soon may be, and Messrs. Gawthorpe want to remind you that they will always be on hand by call of telephone or letter to put up something nice *in memoriam* if the worst comes to the worst—something to which any imaginative relative can look forward with the utmost pride and pleasure, and which with care will last for years. Not only do Messrs. Gawthorpe and Sons, of 16, Long Acre, London, aforementioned, quote and misapply the Lord Mayor for their funereal purposes, but they add at the end, on their own: "Will our patrons assist us in our endeavour to fulfil these wise injunctions by placing their order Now?" We feel as if we would like to place an order for Messrs. Gawthorpe and Sons with a rival firm of tombstone dealers. On battlefields the carrion birds sit croaking noisily round dying wounded, waiting for the last breath. Even these birds may teach Messrs. Gawthorpe a lesson in decency and patience. They *do* wait.

ST. PAULI POORLY.

SUFFERING FROM THE SLUMP IN LAGER.

The St. Pauli Breweries Company, Ltd., of Hamburg, Bremen, and Glasshouse Street, London, S.E., have been wont to supply a thirsty public with German lager the "Girl" brand. In consequence of the war their supplies have been cut off, so they have decided, according to a letter dated 7th September, "in order not to disappoint our numerous customers, to look out for a good Dutch lager beer. We have had considerable difficulty in finding one that is suitable, but having now found a beer we can recommend, we have arranged to import and bottle it. The beer in question is *brewed in Amsterdam*." So it mote be. But we'll be Amsterdam'd if we'll drink any until we are satisfied that the St. Pauli Breweries Co., Ltd., is a British concern, and that none of its profits find their way into the pockets of Germhun directors and shareholders. Meantime, we will content ourselves with honest English ale—barring an occasional nip of Scotch, in cold weather.

The ideal gift for a soldier or sailor friend—a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

SECRET DOSSIERS.

A CIVIL "RECRUITING" SCANDAL.

War notwithstanding, the work of the Civil Service must be maintained at its normal level of efficiency, and we make no apology for an occasional reference to the affairs of the less militant departments of State. In May last, the daughter of a Dalston reader, a girl of sixteen, entered the Post Office Female Sorters' Examination, in which she secured the 44th place out of something like a thousand aspirants for these coveted posts. Naturally proud of her success, her parents agreed that, before taking up her appointment, the girl should submit herself to medical examination in accordance with the rules of the Civil Service Commission. Following upon her interview with the Service doctor, the young lady received the following letter from the Secretary of the Commission :—

> I am directed by the Civil Service Commissioners to inform you that, on the evidence before them, they are unable to certify that you are "free from any physical defect or disease which would be likely to interfere with the proper discharge of the duties" of the situation for which you are a candidate. I am to state, however, that the Commissioners are willing to give you an opportunity of being further examined in London, at your own expense, by a physician selected by them; and I am to request that you will inform me without delay whether you desire to avail yourself of this offer, in order that, if you accept it, the necessary arrangements may be made. The fee payable by you would be one guinea: such payment would give you no claim to be informed of the contents of the physician's report. What is now offered you is not an opportunity of ascertaining for yourself the objections which may exist to your appointment, but an opportunity of satisfying the Commissioners that you are qualified in respect of health for public appointment.

This disastrous communication was wholly unexpected. The girl had always seemed to be of robust constitution; for nine years she had never once needed a doctor. A few weeks before she had been described by the School Medical Officer as "a fine, healthy girl." Anxious, however, to do their best for their daughter, and thoroughly convinced of the soundness of her health, the parents agreed to the Commissioners' proposal, and a "special" medical examination was arranged. Its result was conveyed to the candidate by means of the following bold intimation :—

> I am directed by the Civil Service Commissioners to inform you that, on the evidence before them, they are unable to certify that they have ascertained that you are free from any physical defect or disease which would be likely to interfere with the proper discharge of your duties: and they have therefore been unable to grant their Certificate of Qualification.

Holding fast to the terms of their one-sided proposal, the Commissioners decline to supplement this pronouncement. The girl's career is thus rudely shattered, and to the disappointment of the parents has been added a haunting anxiety which the reassurances of local doctors may not wholly remove. Yet, surely, apart from stupid red tape, there is no reason why, in such a case, the whole truth should not be told. Concealment will inevitably breed suspicion.

THERE'S HAIR!

HOW HORROCKS WORKS THE ORACLE.

Some of our readers may occasionally have come across the following advertisement in the newspapers :—

> Ladies' Hair Combings Wanted.—Value by return. Horrocks, 32a, Portland Street, Brighton.

One of our correspondents, a Nottingham lady, is now regretting that she ever saw it. She despatched a large box of hair, paying threepence for postage, and received in return about three-pennyworth of toothpowder, accompanied by a note saying: "I am obliged for your parcel of hair received to-day, and enclose herewith goods to the value of same." The toothpowder was returned, with a demand for a postal order for the value of the hair sent, but no reply has been vouchsafed. So, as matters stand, Horrocks have both the hair and the toothpowder, whilst the "client" has not only lost her hair, in more ways than one, but fourpence for stamps into the bargain. We advise Horrocks to clean their teeth with their own powder, and also to cleanse their methods of business.

THE "HELPING HAND" HOAX.

COLOUR MERCHANT'S CONFIDENCE TRICK.

Among the most up-to-date exponents of the "home employment" dodge are the "Helping Hand Stores" of Albert Square, Manchester, a Yankee concern said to be "chartered under the laws of the State of Illinois." These enterprising merchants are the alleged depositaries of a "secret colouring process" of a chemical nature, which will enable the merest tyro to produce beauteous and marketable works of art. There is no elaborate course of instruction to be undergone. The moment you get the recipe you may proceed to turn it to profitable account, and a vista of undreamt of prosperity will greet your grateful vision. Of course there is money to be paid, but the fees named are "nominal," and serve merely as "a guarantee of good faith."

It appears that a good deal of the advertising business of the concern is conducted from Birmingham, where Mr. John W. Jones, of 23, Clifford Street, is presumably an agent of the Stores. This gentleman is an adept at the concoction of enticing circulars, designed chiefly for the consumption of ladies already interested in the scheme by means of advertisements. Here is an extract :—

> Once I give you these plans, they are as plain as day, but they will result in making money for you as long as you live, and, therefore, they are worth the money to you. They should be worth many pounds, but I want to help you and give you a chance, and ask only a small sum as a matter of good faith. That is why I will send complete instructions and formulas for starting in your own business for only five shillings.

Though artfully invested with a "personal" air, the letter is stereotyped, and has probably been turned out by the thousand. Should it fail of its effect, a second circular is despatched, in which the monetary demand is reduced to 2s. 6d. For this trifling sum Jones will send you his "complete instructions and formulas," but these valuable data will not alone suffice to "make money for you as long as you live." Jones has done what he can, but the "selling rights" of the "secret colouring process" are retained by the Helping Hand Stores. Their priceless recipe will cost you two guineas, or, "for those wanting easier terms to help during this crisis," one guinea down and the rest by arrangement. The process is one for the hand-colouring of plain pictures, and it is mendaciously stated that there is a "growing demand" for this kind of work. In these days of cheap and universal colour-printing, we can imagine no more hopeless enterprise.

A VICAR IN HIS WRATH.

REV. DR. JEREMIAH EYRE'S NOBLE SINCERITIES.

From the byre of Framfield Vicarage, in Sussex, the Rev. Dr. Eyre foams and fumes at us because, according to his own story, his "cowman heard a day or two back from the bar-tender of the local public that John Bull had been a-sneering at our parson as an alarmist." It will be recalled that this pulpiteering Jeremiah told a Framfield congregation in the course of his professional duties that "England was now in her death throes"; that she "deserved the rebuke"—meaning whatever befell her as a result of the war; and that she was "the most self-seeking and selfish community in existence—full of vice and the most God-forgetting nation in history." Dr. Eyre's idea, we answered, "seems to be that the most pious nation in history is Germany and that the Kaiser is his prophet." On which account this dolorous and damnatory detractor of the pulpit alleges that "when great and noble sincerities are at work, as is now the case, it is as though you were lifting mossy, neglected stones in a dark precinct, and you disturb slinking, stinking, and stinging vermin, which scurry and stir when the air and sun come at them." To anybody who has an impressionable and approving ear for the perfections of rhetorical clap-trap—say a vicar's cowman—this may appear as great and noble a sincerity as the other, but for our part it merely tickles us as with a feather. Poor Vicar! We now begin to realise that he is not well. Why does not he take an extended holiday in the God-fearing and God-seeking Vaterland? He would have a hearty welcome.

£250 for a "Bullet" and special War Prizes. See page 28.

WHY THE WORKERS MUST FIGHT IN THIS WAR.

By BEN TILLETT.

(We gladly find space for this patriotic plea from the pen of the most influential "revolutionary socialist" of the day.)

Because—whatever the reason, or lack of reason, for the war—the war is here, and is more devastating than an earthquake.

It is a World-War; its extent, the limit of tragedy. Tens of millions of mothers offer flesh born of their bodies to the beasts of war, because passion linked to patriotism demands the sacrifice.

A score of millions of armed men are directly involved in the throes of the titanic struggle. Hundreds of millions of population are dragged into the area and consequences of battle. The workers must fight in this war because they have given the responsibility of peace or war into the hands of their pastors and masters.

The workers of each of the countries, although having no quarrel with each other, must accept the consequences of the powers they have created.

Because the British workers have more of constitutional and democratic freedom, together with social opportunity, to guard than the enemies enjoy, or would concede, were they to conquer our land.

Every Worker's Duty.

Every able-bodied man should be trained, armed and ready to fight, because the war, being an appeal to brute force and numbers, can only be checked by an equal or more effective force; and can only be conquered by superior courage, calibre and numbers. The German Junka and militarist caste can only be brought to reason by defeat and humiliation.

Future human, public, and social safety can only be assured by the total subjection of Militarism and Imperialism. German Kaiserism and militarism are a menace to peace; they must be crushed.

The armed worker and zealot of peace and goodwill can alone crush militarism. He, the worker, cannot kill Kaiserism with his mouth; he must use the most lethal weapon to crush out foreign and home Kaiserism. While it is true six to ten millions of our fellow-countrymen, women and children, could not possibly be worse off or suffer more destitution under Kaiserism, it is only half the truth. Under Kaiserism the economic and social injustices would be permanently fixed on the necks of the people by the establishment of Militarism and Imperialism. Bureaucratic rigour would take the place of democratic opportunity and freedom.

Crush Kaiserism.

Kaiserism would be armed and organised against both democratic effort and opportunity—more viciously than even British capitalists combine. The fact that capitalists, statesmen, employers are frantically calling for recruits from the workers is evidence of the workers' fighting resources: the workers should realise the dignity as well as the responsibility of citizenship and should demand the fullest social recognition in peace as well as war.

The workers in the past have agreed with a too numerous section of employers that they are both drudges and slaves. They cannot fight as slaves. In war they must fight for their country; in peace and in war they must own their country and fight for their very own country and land.

Rapine and spoliation, the crushing of liberties, traditions, art and beauty is the inhuman, bestial thing called militarism. The Prussian Kaiserism must have no quarter and must be destroyed. The British workers can effectively assist to crush militarism by arming and fighting every manifestation of the ungodly thing.

It merely depends on the attitude of the workers towards the War, Government and Property. Twenty millions a day will be spent in the most ferocious waste and destruction, and if the loss to peaceful industry is calculated, then another twenty millions a day must be added to the colossal total of the War's expenditure. Besides the grief that is horror stricken, the loss of the family breadwinner, the struggle that has to be made by the bereaved sufferers of the War and the hardship and pain of the War's immediate victims, there is the picking up afresh of the thread of Industry and the painful commencing all over again to bring about peace and goodwill. It is the price that must be paid, though. The alternatives are to lie down to it and die out, or to take arms and fight for one's country.

Germany and the Workers.

Mobilisation in peace times has stood the menace to Europe and has been considered in all diplomatic negotiations. The "Mailed Fist" never attempted to disguise its ugliness at any time. Our own diplomacy was always based on a weak military organisation, so weak that the German Militarist caste made a joke of our futility. Our Navy was feared, but every precaution was taken to obviate or lessen a permanent condition of fear or too great a respect. Added to this limitation of our diplomacy was the fact of our Jeremiahs preaching a most panic-stricken gospel of national impotence.

The other charge that may be levelled against the Jeremiahs is the one that, belligerent persons having tabooed the claims made by the Socialists for a Citizens' Army, time has been wasted in conscriptive futilities that could have been well employed in promoting the formation of Citizen forces, armed and drilled, and ready to take their place in the firing-line at home or abroad.

But this apart, there are important reasons why the war should be fought to a finish. We must kill Conscription, Militarism, huge standing armies, and a permanent condition of veiled war and war preparation, and replace all this vicidusness by International Arbitration, making punitive any attempt at increasing armaments.

Democracy's Doom.

And, what is of equal consequence, there are so many Acts of Parliament, protective to the workers, and which have been grudgingly placed on the Statute Book by capitalists, which would, in the event of Militarism being triumphant, at once cease to be factors of benefit or right. Political freedom, circumscribed as it is, would vanish if the German Militarist power dominated this country.

Neither is their Municipal Government free as compared with our own democratic possibilities. There are some advantages which might well be copied by our own nation in the matter of medical clinics, the care of mothers and children, the feeding, training and schooling of the young. The evil and cynicism of militarism are, however, still apparent here, as the child is only fostered that the man may be the better machine for killing and being killed.

No meeting of importance can be held in Germany without the espionage of the police; the most stringent methods are adopted for demonstrations, fêtes, or any expression of working class opinion. In Parliament the Social-Democrats may grumble, but in actual matters of politics their wishes are not consulted, neither is the attitude of Parliamentary representatives respected, the Kaiser, his Chancellor and his Counsellors being paramount and unchallenged in the fullness of their power. Kaiserism and Militarism would mean the permanency of class distinctions. Their capitalist class train, organise and place in power the most insolent and the most brutal type of Militarist caste, where discipline is next door to crucifixion and is the suppression of every individual right or individual opinion.

Last, but not least, the workers of this country would lose their half-holidays on Saturdays, their hours would be longer, their wages certainly less. This would apply drastically to the lesser skilled trades, and even the highly skilled ones would on the whole suffer in wages and by addition to their working hours.

There is much to fight for—we must fight for our own souls, our own land. We must kill war-mania by eradicating the hate-poisons of racial and national antagonisms, and build up an international democracy, where free men can live and work in useful industry and peace.

Book your order *now* for the "'John Bull' Portfolio of War Celebrities." Ready Oct. 14th. 1/- net.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

His Indian troops the King inspires,
Till each one thing alone desires—
To win, in some resistless charge,
Victory for the British Raj.

The two great Generals in the Field,
Who France and Britain's forces wield,
Meet, and with mutual triumph swell,
And tell each other "All goes well!"

The priests of Belgium heroes prove,
And win the world's respect and love;
No danger daunts them! Calm and brave,
They toil to comfort and to save

Our Army, which the Huns despised,
The German generals has surprised;
They find (so runs a hint they've dropped)
We're "busy now, and can't be stopped!"

The British Navy mines the sea
To frustrate plans of Germany;
But neutral ships feel no alarm—
Forewarned, they should be safe from harm.

The cunning enemy succeeds
In meeting many pressing needs—
Through Holland it appears that he
Is still obtaining tons of tea!

"FLEECY" FURS FAKE.

FIVE FEMALE FILIBUSTERERS' FICTION.

We mentioned recently that "Mrs. Wilson, 7, Park Place, Knightsbridge" (a newspaper shop), had been advertising for sale, on several dates, a stole and muff for 50s., on representations that they had cost 10 guineas and were the "property of a lady." We pointed out that the cost of inserting the advertisement so often must have absorbed the whole of the price asked for the goods, and that the suggestion that they were single articles sold by a private person was obviously untrue. "Mrs. Wilson" has now been joined by four others, who are spending a lot of money in attempts to get rid of similar articles. "White, 11, Yonge Park, Finsbury Park, N.," advertised no fewer than eight times in daily papers during the past fortnight that she would sell "an elegant set of black fox furs, cost 10 guineas, for 45s." The advertisement of "Mrs. Hill, 71, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W." (another newspaper shop), offering a "fox-stole and muff, cost 10 guineas," for 50s., has appeared seven times within the same period, whilst "Mrs. E., 6, Clayland's Road, S.W." ("letters only"), has sought the aid of the press upon four occasions to announce a similar sacrifice of a coney musquash seal coat for £5 10s., and "Mrs. Hills, 5, Kenninghall Road, Clapton," has thrice followed suit, being ostensibly the private possessor of a set similar to those of Mrs. Hill, and being—peculiarly enough—desirous of getting rid of them at exactly the same bargain prices. We would again warn our readers not to fall into these traps, and we are surprised at the way in which several daily papers are assisting these female filibusterers in their campaign.

THE UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.

THE CHILD SPEAKS:

I wonder if God knows that you and I
Love His great world, His mountains, and His sky,
His fields, His flowers, His sea all green and blue?
And did He give it all to me and you?

I wonder if God knows we wonder why
He made the sea, the mountains, and the sky?
Was it because He wanted to play, too?
Or did He make them just for me and you?

I wonder if God *loves* the things He made;
And did He mean to listen if we prayed?
Or is it He has other things to do;
And cannot *bother* about me and you?

I wonder if God knows all that we think?
Why, if He's kind, He lets the big ships sink:
And why He lets the little children die;
Is He not *sorry*—same as you and I?

I wonder if God brought us here to play,
Then turned His back, and went—oh, far away?
Or is He near, and waiting, just to see
If we are *good* together, you and me?

THE SCEPTIC SPEAKS:

I wonder if God can remember quite
Just everything He brought to life and light?
Or from the vast Eternal did He throw
Just what He did not want to keep!—And so
Forgot about it! And is that just why
The ships are wrecked, and little children die?

LYDIA DONOVAN

Send a *"Mauv3"* Coupon. Big Cash Prize to be won. See page 27.

WORCESTER "SAUCE."

YANKEE CORSET "KID"-DERS ADD INSULT TO INJURY.

The name Worcester, so long familiar to the British public in connection with a condiment, has within recent years been adopted by another firm, possibly in the hope thereby to induce the swallowing of a good deal of stuff which might otherwise stick in the throat. To attain the desired end, no expense has been spared, day after day the newspapers containing large advertisements worded with the utmost cunning. A flaming manifesto, from which we quote merely as a sample, was published a week or so ago. It was headed "Shop Now and Keep the Factories Going," the opening phrases being in the following high patriotic key:—

> Our appeal for a million women helpers has met with a magnificent response. We appealed to the women of Britain to buy their dresses, corsets, and other articles of apparel *now* instead of in October, in order that drapers might pl e immediate repeat orders, and so provide employment for the workers in the mills, for whose welfare the Queen has so graciously expressed her solicitude.

This artful language is obviously intended to lead its readers to believe that the establishments in which the corsets of the advertisers are made are situated in Great Britain, and that the workers so sympathetically thought of are English men and women. It will therefore come as a surprise to the uninitiated to learn that the "Royal Worcester Kid-fitting Corsets" are not made in any part of the British Empire, the place mentioned in the title being Worcester, Massachusetts, U.S.A., the firm having merely a selling agent in this country—though we readily admit a very "clever" one.

By Any Other Name?

The misapprehension so tenderly fostered by lavish and carefully-worded advertisements is, of course, much encouraged by the addition of the word "Royal," a term not usually associated in the public mind with the produce of a republican city—and that, too, within a few miles of historic Boston Harbour!

One or two further extracts before passing to other aspects of the Worcester "stunt," as we suppose the persons responsible would term it:—

> We appealed to every woman to join in the Grand Assault on Germany's Trade by refusing to buy anything German, and we pointed out that every woman who did this helped to divert millions from the money chests of the German War Lord to the mills and factories of Britain and friendly countries.

The real fact of the matter, of course, is that in the corset trade—with which alone the Worcester Company are concerned—German competition is negligible. Official figures show that last year only about £40,000 worth of corsets were imported from the Fatherland. These were mainly of the cheapest, commonest kind, which few British manufacturers would care to attempt to rival—and even that miserable little trade is now absolutely stopped by the war!

Mountains Out of Molehills.

Every penny spent on "Worcester" corsets is actually money taken out of the pockets of British workpeople. In the light of this calm, cold fact, the firm's hysterical appeal headed "Will 1,000,000 women respond?" to their specious incitement to capture what is styled "the 'Prize of War' value £11,400,000" (*i.e.*, the price of "German corsets, German brassieres and German apparel") comes as a rib-tickler. This lumping together of the imports is another clever move—although corsets come first on the list, they are, as we have said, infinitesimal in value beside the millions of pounds' worth of fabrics of all kinds covered by the term "apparel." It is, of course, true that, by the addition of the skilfully chosen phrase "friendly countries," the American firm have just managed again to keep to the windward side of the truth, but it surely must be "some" poor kind of business which has to be conducted by means of verbal jugglery of this kind.

The two following extracts have reference to another type of misrepresentation, but anyone who desires a hearty laugh should certainly read the whole of the announcement for further examples of this skating over thin ice. "The irony of it is that amongst those who are descending to this practice" (*i.e.*, "attempting to narrow down the Government's anti-German campaign into an all-British movement"—an exceedingly euphemistic way of describing the pointing out that supporting the Worcester concern is depriving people in this country of employment!) "are corset manufacturers who used to buy their busks and steels from Germany before the war, and who would now find themselves in a desperate position were it not for our offer to supply them with busks and steels from our American factory. . . . Our concern is to keep the coutil mills of Lancashire and France going full time." The first of these statements is a grotesque travesty of the fact—which is, that there are several large steel and busk factories in this country, one alone of which is capable of supplying the whole of the requirements of the trade; whilst at least ninety per cent. of the Worcester's coutil (the cloth body of the corset) seems of American make.

"Reductions" *ad absurdum*.

In other spheres of their activity in this country the American firm are not more scrupulous in their statements. One of their full-page advertisements depicted models attired in various styles of corset, the whole being coolly placed under the title of "£20,000 for the suppression of misrepresentation"! In prominent type it was stated "There is no profit to us on these corsets." On this head we take one specific instance, but it is typical of all the others. The picture of "Model 508" has beneath it, "Regular price, 8s. 11d.; Sale price, 6s. 11d." The ordinary retail price in New York of this particular article is 1¼ dollars, say 6s. 3d.—and that leaves a profit of at least 33⅓ per cent.!

The whole system of innuendo—to say nothing of sheer misrepresentation—is an exceedingly mean one, as the sufferers from it are the British corset *manufacturers*—not the dealers—and, as they do not as a rule advertise, they have to stand almost helplessly by while cunning rivals, not of their own nation, are diverting the stream of British patriotism so as to dry up the country's trade. The British press have, unfortunately, time after time turned a deaf ear to the indignant remonstrances of the manufacturers, who employ ten thousand workpeople, and who are seriously threatened by the unfair campaign which we are exposing.

Workers and the War.

At present the factories show a striking lack of young men, owing to many hundreds of them having joined the colours, while a large proportion of the masters have also answered their country's call. A great number of the women hands are soldiers' wives—and they and their children are being well looked after.

It is hoped, however, that the unfair and despicable tactics which we have exposed will soon be scotched, as some of the largest retail shopkeepers are now in possession of the facts. For instance, Messrs. Peter Robinson, whose name had been attached to one of the Worcester Company's misleading advertisements, recently wrote:—

> The advertisement was prepared by the Royal Worcester Corset Company and should have been submitted to us before appearing in the papers—unfortunately this was not done, but immediately we received your letter we gave instructions that the sentence to which you objected must not appear again; neither must anything appear but what is absolutely true. If the Manager had not been away, this advertisement would not have appeared, as the firm have a strong objection to anything which is likely to mislead the public. It must be clear to anyone that the effect of advertising of this kind to any firm of good repute would be disastrous, and really means throwing the money in the street. As we are not accustomed to do this kind of thing, we hope this explanation will be sufficient to prove to you that so far as Peter Robinson's were concerned it was unintentional.

The eminent firm deserve praise for their attitude, and other large establishments which are appealing to the patriotic instincts of their customers would do well to place the products of the Worcester people in their proper category and not include them in an "all-British" show.

By the way, Worcester *Kid*-fitting does, after all, appear to be a very apt title for these "smart" Yankee traders!

WERNHER, BEIT AND CO.

MILLIONAIRES AND THEIR MEN.

Ever since the gold and diamond industries of South Africa came into prominence the name of Wernher, Beit and Co. has been almost a household word in this country, and, although the firm was dissolved three years ago, when its business was transferred to the Central Mining and Investment Corporation, Limited, it is still used in City circles to designate the leading South African house. Alfred Beit died, unmarried, some eight years ago and left about £8,500,000; Sir Julius Wernher died two years ago and left £11,500,000 (apart from a trifle of about £1,500,000 tucked away somewhere in Germany), so that these two partners between them accumulated the colossal sum of over £20,000,000, which they could not spend during their lifetime. How much more they made out of Kaffir industry and British cupidity or stupidity it is impossible to estimate.

The firm was founded by Jules Porges (an Austrian), on whose retirement, in 1888 or 1889, Julius Wernher was joined by Alfred Beit, and the name was changed from Jules Porges and Co. to Wernher, Beit and Co. At the time of Alfred Beit's death the remaining partners were :—

Julius Wernher—Naturalised British subject.
Lionel Phillips—Britisher.
Ludwig Breitmeyer—German, not naturalised.
Fried. Eckstein—Naturalised British subject.
Charles Rube—Naturalised British subject.
Ludwig Wagner—Naturalised British subject.
R. W. Schumacher—Afrikander.

PILING MILLIONS ON MILLIONS.

In 1911 Sir Julius Wernher, being in indifferent health, and his son not showing much inclination or aptitude for business, decided that the best course was to turn over the firm to the Central Mining Corporation, which had been formed as a dumping ground, or relief scheme, during the slump which followed the Boer War, and the Corporation's capital was increased from £3,600,000 to £5,100,000 for this purpose. The partners, however, stipulated for 25 per cent. of the Central Mining's net profits after payment of a dividend of 5 per cent., and they retained in their own hands the very lucrative business of the Diamond Syndicate, which is carried on, under the name of L. Breitmeyer and Co., in Holborn Viaduct.

On the liquidation of Wernher, Beit and Co., Sir Julius Wernher sent a note to his office staff enclosing a cheque for one year's salary in recognition of their past services. After his death about a year later it was found that his will, from which the staff confidently expected a legacy, contained a codicil to the effect that previous benefits or bonuses should be taken into account. This cancelled the legacies previously contemplated, and the staff got nothing further out of the £13,000,000 fortune which, by their loyalty and zeal, they had helped to amass. The remaining partners, who are more or less millionaires, were perfectly aware of the bitter disappointment caused by Wernher's will, but never made the smallest amends in any shape or form, and a pension fund which was at one time suggested did not materialise.

HUMBLE "SCREWS" IN THE MONEY-MAKING MACHINE.

Several men in the office have served the firm for a quarter of a century or more, ever since the first discoveries of gold on the Rand, and, being understaffed in busy times, have often had to work almost day and night helping to pile up millions for the partners, while their only recompense, in addition to their very modest stipends, has been an occasional small bonus. Their work is of such a specialised nature that it is extremely difficult for the men to go elsewhere to better themselves; and in cases where they have broken down in health through overwork, such consideration as might reasonably be expected from far less wealthy firms has not been shown to them. Surely the formation of a pension fund is the most modest provision that should be made out of the vast wealth which their services have helped to accumulate. Has Lady Wernher nothing to say on the subject, or what better use does she hope to make of her heaped-up millions? Or Mr. Ludwig Breitmeyer, who is endeavouring to get his naturalisation papers through, and who is equally famous for his public as for his private benefactions? Or those other diamond merchants and multiple directors, Messrs. C. Rube, Friedrich Eckstein and Ludwig Wagner?

HARDLY CRICKET.

FOOTBALLERS' FINE PATRIOTISM PUNISHED.

In readiness for the Football Season, the Empire United Club, affiliated to the Wimbledon and District Football League, rented a pitch at Gorringe Park, Tooting Junction, from Mr. H. W. Benham, trading as John Neal, coal merchant, of Battersea Rise. For an inclusive rental of £10 10s. the Club were to enjoy the use of the ground upon alternate Saturdays throughout the season, and upon the signing of the agreement a deposit of £5 5s. was paid. Soon after the outbreak of war, however, and before a single match had been played, there was an emergency meeting of the District League Council, at which it was decided to suspend its activities during the war. There was a general rush to the Colours. This happy result was in no small measure due to the brilliant example of the "Empire United" players, eight of whose "eleven" were among the first to enlist. In these altered circumstances the Treasurer of the Club, Mr. E. B. Harvey, approached Mr. Benham in the hope that he might be willing to forgo the benefits secured to him by the agreement. It seems, however, that the wave of patriotism which had, by this time, flooded the country had left the coal merchant high and dry. Declining to "meet" the members, he announced his intention of retaining their deposit. In reply to a definite appeal for the return of the money, he recently wrote :—

> I much regret I cannot do as you suggest. I have already four of my tenants whose Clubs have disbanded, through the same cause, and I am meeting the matter by their forfeiting the deposit, and my losing the balance of rent due and payable on November 1st. You will readily understand the loss it entails to me, as my rent, rates and taxes have all got to be paid.

We print this epistle in fairness to Mr. Benham, merely pointing out that his notion of "meeting the matter" is much less generous than he has contrived to make it appear. With a disbanded Club, eight of whose members have joined the Army, he would in any case have precious little chance of recovering his "balance of rent due and payable on November 1st." If he sought to make the Treasurer personally responsible, he would find considerable difficulty in enlisting the sympathy of a County Court Judge. In all likelihood he would be advised to exert his right of "distress," which, upon an acre or so of grass, might not prove particularly fruitful.

A SLOPER WHO WOULD NOT SLOPE!

CLEVER COPPER CATCHES A CRAB.

The latest victim of this sanguinary war is a gentleman entitled to bear the good old historic name of Sloper—not Ally of that ilk, but one Arbuthnot John, residing at High Street, Billericay. On August 12th, Mr Sloper was at home, when he heard a rat-tat on the door. Mr. Sloper answered it, and there he found himself face to face with a police sergeant. "I am informed you are an alien, said the officer, "and you must register yourself at Brentwood." Naturally Mr. Sloper, who is 69 years of age and a member of the well-known City firm of Bailey, Sloper and Co., at first thought the whole thing a joke, and intimated as much to the sergeant. The officer, however, wanted to see the old gentleman's birth certificate, to which the indignant Sloper's answer was, "I'll do nothing until I see my solicitor." Five days later the man called again, and demanded proof that Mr. Sloper was not an alien—and as the City merchant indignantly refused, he was arrested. In due course the prisoner was brought before the Bench charged with being of alien nationality and resident in a forbidden area. Counsel representing the defence proved that Mr. Sloper was born at Bath, as was his father; his mother being born at Putney. For five years Mr. Sloper had resided at Billericay, and previously at Southend for over 20 years. Sir John Williams Benn, a personal friend of 40 years' standing, was also in court to testify to Mr. Sloper's character as a patriotic Britisher, and, in the end, the Bench graciously dismissed the case, making no order as regards costs. As recently as September 26th we recorded the scandalous case of young Gibbs, a solicitor's clerk. This disgraceful acting on anonymous slander must be stopped.

The paper for the family circle—"Mary Bull." Fridays, 1d.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P.

Dear Chancellor,—Your recent utterances have earned you the fierce hatred of a section of the German Press, and I hasten to congratulate you upon this signal distinction. It is not the first time that you have enjoyed a similar honour, and, ever since your notable speech at the Mansion House on the occasion of the Agadir crisis, you have been wholly divorced from the "pacificist" section of your Party. At the crisis of our fate, you have rendered sterling service to your day and generation by prudent counsel, and by the power of the spoken word. I rejoice to know that your loyal compatriots in "gallant little Wales" are nobly responding to your inspired appeal, and I hope that the Welsh Brigade may win undying honour on many a hard-fought field.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Earl Roberts, Englemere, Ascot.

Dear Old "Bobs,"—Let me join the rest of the population of the British Empire in congratulating you on your eighty-second birthday. You have always been among the happy warriors, and as you walk erect and brisk and clear-eyed along the road to Eighty-Three, I have not a doubt that you feel as happy as ever you did. In war and in peace you have built among us a monument more lasting than brass. Well have you served us; well have you deserved your honours. Always have you borne your sword as a soldier and a gentleman. Your chivalry has never been less conspicuous than your courage, and the world of arms could not find in all its annals a fitter example of a true and brave and gentle knight. We all love you and honour you, "Bobs." There isn't much of you, but what there is cannot be beaten in the market; you are British-made through and through. May you live in the sun till the curtain falls.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., Colonial Secretary.

Sir,—In the whole range of the Empire, there are no more loyal patriots than the British settlers in Rhodesia, and, within a few weeks of the outbreak of war, five hundred of their finest men were ready and equipped for service oversea. Anxious to be in the thickest of the fight, they volunteered without reserve, confidently expecting an early call to the front. I am quite at a loss to understand your reception of this offer. Through the Chartered Company, you informed the men that there was no place for them in the main theatre of war, but that, if they wanted to fight, they had better join the South African Defence Force. Had you consulted the War Office before issuing this extraordinary dispatch? If not, I submit that for once you have exceeded your official duty. Please reconsider the matter without delay.

John Bull.

To His Worship the Mayor, Northampton.

Please Your Worship,—Permit me to express my surprise at the action of the Tramways Committee in retaining the services of a German subject as manager during a state of war. For nearly forty years this gentleman has resided here, twelve of which he has enjoyed—I am sure he has enjoyed them—as manager of your tramways; yet not until the last moment, forced by the strong pressure of public criticism, has he thought it worth while to apply for naturalisation. Now at last he has gone through the form and, what must be in this case, the farce. What I want to impress upon your attention, and that of your fellow townsmen, Mr. Mayor, is that an alien enemy under the law does not become a friend in five minutes. I ask you and them to consider, as I submit they are bound to consider as a contingency, the position of Northampton if by any chance the town were about to be overrun by the Huns, with this gentleman in charge of the public tramway system. His abilities may be undoubted; his manners and customs may be charming; but emphatically he is not the man for the place now. Let the Council deal with him justly. Let it say, if it will, "Cassio, I love thee"; let it add, however, without paltering or delay, "but never more be officer of mine."

John Bull.

To Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, U.S.A.

Dear "Teddy,"—Untrammelled by Ministerial office, you have found an opportunity of speaking your mind upon the rights and wrongs of the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, and I am happy to learn that your downright sympathy with the cause of the Allies is widely shared by your fellow-countrymen. The goodwill of the American people is not to be lightly esteemed, and I trust that throughout the conflict we may enjoy it in the fullest measure. In all that makes for civic righteousness, we share with you a heritage of glorious tradition, and in the fight against Prussian anarchy our cause is yours.

John Bull.

To Major-General T. P. Battersby, Director of Equipment and Ordnance Stores, War Office, London.

Dear General,—To read this letter will not occupy you more than a moment. A vast deal of German labour is being employed by British contractors, making uniforms for British soldiers, and this despite the fact that many British tailors are still unemployed. I put it to the authorities, through you, that this should be stopped as an elementary act of justice to the British working man.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir John Kennaway, Bt., President Church Missionary Society.

Dear Sir John,—News reaches me from the Toro district that certain missionaries sent out by your Society to Uganda are by way of laying up treasure on earth as exploiters of large private estates, extending approximately to 500 acres of Crown land, sold under conditions of compulsory development; and I am wondering how much time these missionaries will be able to spare to convert the heathen who in his blindness bows down to wood and stone. I believe the dear old ladies and deluded old gentlemen who provide the funds for your Society are afflicted with the impression that the Uganda missionary was raised a spiritual body, but in this view we see him going into the cash business with all the enthusiasm of the land speculator in Home, Sweet Home—in one hand dangling the keys of the nigger's heaven, and in the other grasping a coffee planter's ledger. It is such a pretty spectacle, as presented to my distant gaze, Sir John, that I thought you might like to see it also; hence this letter.

John Bull.

To the Rev. W. P. Paterson, Professor of Divinity, University of Edinburgh.

Dear Professor,—Like you, I "venture to question" the opinion of the Primate that "the duties of a combatant are not appropriate in the case of one who has received Holy Orders," and I endorse your trenchant statement of the contrary view. Though somewhat coldly disposed towards systematic theology, I hold that the life of man is a manifestation of the Eternal Purpose—now realised in smiles and sunshine, and, anon, in blood and tears. I rejoice to learn that several ministers of your National Church have exchanged the service of the Prince of Peace for that of the God of Battles; going forth in the strength of their manhood to wage implacable war against infamy and wrong. It is well, for as you nuely say: "In playing the man they are not betraying a higher trust."

John Bull.

To the Crown Prince of Germany, Imperial Burglar, The Huns, Schmutzigberg.

Sir,—As a son you seem worthy of your sire; you are as disreputable a pair of Imperial blackguards as ever fouled the standards of war. I note that you have now added to your distinctions in the fields of glory. Having won lasting renown as an arrogant military mediocrity, you have displayed your consummate abilities as a burglar and a thief. So do the Germhun arms pass from splendour to splendour in the high examples of the Hohenzollern; so does the heir of Attila lift his proud head to the stars while the plundered treasures of the Chateau de Baye are speeded along the bloody tracks to decorate his palace in Berlin. Take my salute, O Prince! You are a Prince indeed!

John Bull.

Last chance to win our second £1,000 for Football Skill. See page 27.

THE MODERN NERO.

By historians we're told that the Nero of old
Played the fiddle while Rome was on fire;
But the "blonde beast" of prey, who's our Nero to-day,
Plays—instead of the fiddle—the "lyre."

German Baiting.

The New Sport in France.

By Herbert Vivian.

I was sitting in the chief coffee house of a large country town. Suddenly, a fat, broad cloth burgher jumped up and listened. "They've got another!" he shouted excitedly.

Beer had lost its savour. He shuffled off almost at a trot. In a few minutes every consumer was after him. Some stayed to toss off their liquor. Others were punctilious about payment. But none lagged behind. Workmen, women, children, aristocrats, clerks, cocottes, billiard-players, card players, all keen to see the fun.

Outside by the public gardens was a concourse of some 500 persons. Scarcely a buzz of conversation. The tense, vigilant attitude of terriers round a haystack. Sometimes a slight snort of suppressed excitement, nothing more.

The centre of attraction was indicated by a small clear space in front of a big building whose heavy doors had been barricaded. One or two policemen were being blown about like feathers in the surge. Men had climbed trees and lamp-posts. Sticks were raised, fists clenched. Short shrift for the rat if he were rash enough to emerge. But what was the rat?

Drawing the Badgers.

I inquired of a young man by my side. "Someone thought he saw a German go in there," he replied, as one might say a badger or a mad wolf, "but I fancy he has escaped by the cellars. However, we caught a fine one yesterday and what remains of him is safely tucked away in the military prison."

I soon grew tired of waiting. As a sport, this was almost as dull as fishing.

One of my friends, who carries a blue beard and no walking stick, noticed some young men watching him disagreeably.

"See that fellow (*ce type-là*)," one said, "he looks uncommonly like an Austrian."

Considering the mixture of races in Austria, I should imagine it was rather difficult to look like an Austrian. However, the blue beard disappeared swiftly round a corner—probably the very unwisest thing it could do.

"The wicked flee . . . ."

A "Jug" and "Thou."

I only hope the craze won't spread till we imagine Germans everywhere, as our ancestresses imagined Jesuits under their beds. A distinguished man of letters, a Frenchman with an extravagantly flowing beard, has been arrested on a country road while sketching a brown maiden. He was dragged, in spite of protestations, to the police-station, but the commissary happened to be an intimate friend and greeted him hilariously:—"Hallo, my old one, what mischief hast thou been up to?"

A nasty foxy-looking counter-jumper creature came into the dining-room of my hotel. He had just arrived from Liverpool to rejoin his regiment. A sergeant at my table told him he must go to the citadel and seek a scribe at a table in the open air. He would then receive recognition that he was not a defaulter, and would be told where to go. Meanwhile, as I was English, he was invited to join us and talk to me.

He irritated the sergeant's party by silly talk about rumours of French defeats and he aroused suspicions by asking what measures were being taken against defaulters. The sergeant said he did not believe anyone had failed. In any case the authorities had other things to occupy them at present. Then he tried to run down the work of mobilisation, but the sergeant told him of its perfect smoothness. Having thus made himself thoroughly unpopular all round, he tried to talk to me in English, but I could not understand his jargon, so I replied in French. After lunch he went out and beckoned the sergeant, who came back roaring with laughter:—"Do you know why he called me? He wanted to warn me that you could not speak English!" All the same, such an accusation might have carried weight with an ignorant or hostile crowd.

What an irony of fate if I were lynched for not knowing English!

Billeting and Bungling.

Grievance of a Disgusted Master-at-Arms.

It was inevitable that the billeting of recruits on private houses should give rise to bitter complaining, for there are black sheep in every flock, and the conduct of some of the billeted men is, frankly, disgusting. And it is evident the billeting is often badly bungled. This is one instance of many. A master-at-arms in the Navy informs us that, since he has been away in the service of his country, rough men have been quartered on his home, where his more-or-less invalid wife has in normal times all she can do to "keep up" for their two children. "I've sweated and frozen at sea," says he, "that all might have a good home and a welcome for me on the rare occasions when I could visit them; now I find, after all my efforts as a pensioned Naval Reservist who has rejoined the Service, that my home is turned into a padding ken and my wife is a slavey to soldiers. If there is any law of equality in this country you might let me know how many are billeted in Belgravia, in the castles of the aristocracy, the palaces of the bishops, and the mansions of the millionaires. For that matter, Mr. John Bull, Esquire, how many billeted recruits are swearing at your missus, dropping their fags on your drawing-room carpet, and expectorating in your rekerky brass fenders? There is just as much champagne-and-chicken patriotism in this country as ever, and those who are comfortablest preach the best and get hurt the least. There's hundreds of acres of land lying around doing nothing particular, quite suitable for encampments. If public and church authorities won't give up their rooms and halls for the purpose, they ought to be made; they give 'em up quick enough for windbagging and jaw practice at election time. Billeting on private houses is the last thing that ought to be done, especially when a man's away and there's nobody in the house except his wife and young children.

"Some people may think that this is the tirade of a semi-imbecile, or that I am writing on the top of my tot; if so, they are off the target. I am writing from the deeps of my bosom, and when I think of those fellows spitting all over my best hearthrug, and becoming bloodthirsty warriors making horrible threats against the Kaiser on half-pints of beer, I begin to yearn to sneak away from this ship and make straight for home so that I can have an accident with the oil-can and take the wife and kiddies for a walk until the insurance man has finished his calculations on the site of the awful disaster. If things don't alter—if these billeters aren't cleared from the precincts—you can stand on me that I'll commandeer my spook to haunt 'em every night in their beds or on the Axminster or the Wilton pile, wherever they sleep, until they flee in abject terror down the public streets in their short nighties. This is fair warning. I am a British Tar, I am, and I'll keep my promise. With these few words I am now going down into the mess-room to join in singing the National Anthem—'We Britons are a sturdy race, let nothing you dismay; We wonder where poor Berlin Bill will be on Christmas Day.' Amen!"

Another Patriot.

Cadging for Cadet Corps.

What a wonderful pack of patriots this war is producing! We have already recorded the exploits of several zealous gentlemen who, thinking themselves too superior to join Kitchener's Army, are forming little corps of their own—and incidentally touting for subscriptions. Another of the kidney is Mr. J. H. Macarthney, who is issuing a circular from Sutherland House, London Street, Hyde Park, in which he states he is forming a Senior Cadet Battalion for such purposes as the War Office may require; the members to "comprise youths of 17 years of age." He goes on to say, "It is hoped the proposed battalion will be used for Foreign Service," winding up with the usual appeal: "I should be grateful for small donations towards the expenses which have to be incurred for the organisation." Macarthney should shut up shop, return whatever subscriptions he has received, and offer himself as a recruit for the official forces.

The best prize offer made by any paper. See "Bullets" page 28.

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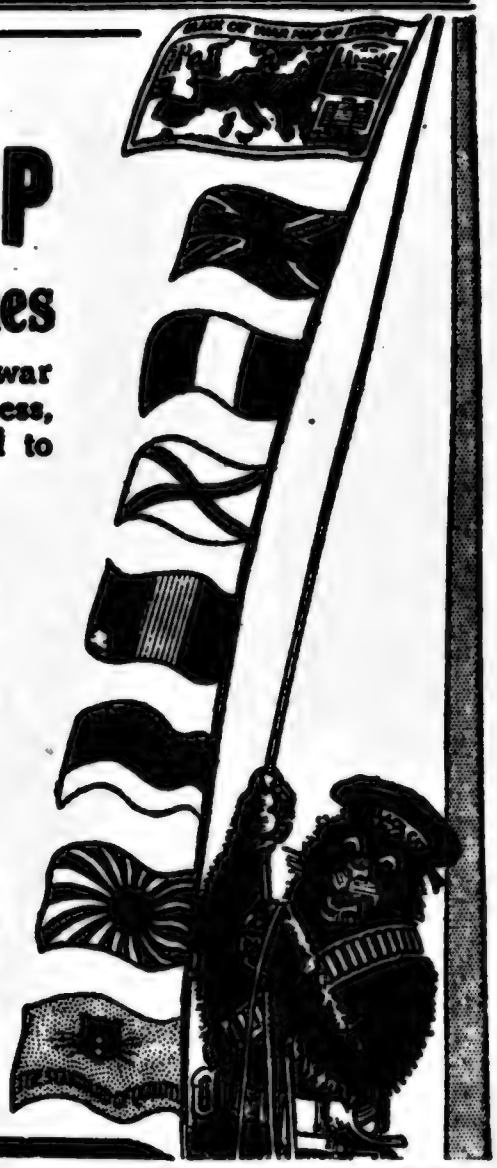

Sword Cutlers to H.M. the King.

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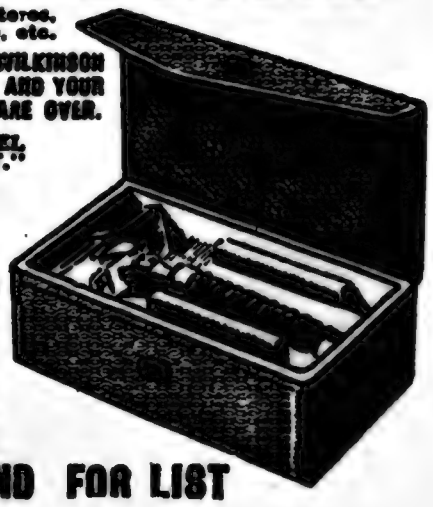

SEND FOR LIST

NOTICE

In addition to its usual useful competition features,

Findon's Weekly. Competitors' Journal

is now publishing exclusive war articles by Mr. Edgar Wallace, the world-famed war correspondent and Mr. B. B. Falk, ex-News Editor of the London "Evening News," an eminent authority upon the personal side of the great campaign.

Order your "Findon's Weekly Competitors' Journal" this week without fail. Obtainable at any of Smith's bookstalls or from newsagents and stationers all over the Kingdom.

EVERY WEDNESDAY - ONE PENNY.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —."

WE APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us great pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to send immediate relief to many soldiers' wives who had been suffering acute distress. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical:—

During the past week we have given financial assistance to many men proceeding to the front to enable them to marry by special licence. In some cases the couples had been "keeping company," and wished to become married before parting—possibly for ever. Some had entered into a relationship which debarred the women from all consideration by the orthodox Relief Committees. In most of the latter cases, poor little children were the principal sufferers, and we considered it our duty, therefore, to assist their parents to don the garb of "respectability." It is true that these poor people will not, even now, be able to obtain the separation allowance from the Government, but Mr. Asquith has held out hope that in the near future he will extend financial aid to *all* dependents of soldiers and sailors. In connection with these marriages we have to thank the different Registrars, who have invariably waived their own fees, our part being restricted to providing the stamp duty on the licence.

An old soldier—he had served sixteen years in the ranks—was recalled to the Colours. He then owed 35s. rent, and matters soon got worse, as there was nothing coming in from the authorities, his "wife" being of the unofficial variety. The poor woman was obliged to sell up her home, though there are two children, and she is shortly to become a mother again. We have given her £2, which we hope will enable her to hold out until the Government extends the separation allowance to such cases.

A gunner in the Royal Garrison Artillery wrote us a pathetic letter with reference to the condition in which he had left his "wife" and four children in Liverpool. We found the woman practically destitute, so gave her £2.

One of the newly-formed Rough Rider Corps wrote us as follows:—"I believe I am right in thinking that when a man has an appeal to make to your charitable nature, you would have him do so in a plain and honest statement. I am going to serve my country. But until such time as my allotment and allowance is sent to my wife, I leave her and two babies without a penny piece. I ask you in the kindness of your great heart to render them some assistance, promising as a man and a soldier to repay any charity you may deem right to extend to them." We at once visited the poor woman, and found her circumstances to be even worse than when the husband wrote, as she was practically starving. We gave her £2, and hope that by now she has received the allowance and allotment of her husband's pay.

A single man in camp, finding one of his chums in the tent in a very depressed condition, elicited from him that he had left behind a "wife" and three children practically without means. The poor fellow had sent the whole of his pay—7s. a week—to support the woman and his children, but he, of course, knew very well that it was quite insufficient. We put the woman in the way of getting some help locally, and sent her £1.

The wife of a reservist at Aldershot—who has been away from her for six weeks—has received no separation allowance. Fortunately her neighbours, touched by her position and the fact that she has two children, have rendered her some little assistance. We have given her £1 to help tide her over.

A widow has two sons in the Army; both have written that they are allowing her half their pay—but, although that was six weeks ago, she has not received anything. The poor woman herself is a cripple, and in lodgings. She was entirely dependent upon her two lads. We have had pleasure in sending her £2, and hope that she will soon get the money which has been allotted to her.

An Edinburgh woman's husband has enlisted, leaving her with four children. The man's employers make her a small allowance, but she has had no separation money. We have sent her £1.

A widow living in the south-east of London has six sons in the fighting line. She is in receipt of 5s. a week from the Prince's Fund, but, as this is quite insufficient to support life in decency, we have sent her £2. She does not know whether her boys had time to complete the necessary formalities for allotting her a portion of their pay—at any rate, she has had none.

A St. Pancras widow, with three sons in the Territorials, who were her only support, was destitute when we heard of the case. We gave her £1, besides putting her on the right lines to obtain assistance from the Prince's Fund.

There are numerous similar cases—unfortunately this distress is rampant throughout the country—and we gladly turn from them to a brighter phase of the matter. The following is one of the many letters of appreciation we have received, this particular one reaching us from a soldier at Aldershot:—"Your acknowledgement of my letter to you just to hand. To say that I am overwhelmed by your spontaneous kindly action is to inadequately express my gratitude towards you. I believe that if you could see my wife's face when she receives your munificent gift it would more than repay you if such were possible. Imagine what a woman would think who has struggled along on a not big wage but a very big family who received unexpectedly the sum you gave her."

Will *you* help us to lighten the load borne by so many of Tommy's loved ones?

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following:—

"Merchant Service," £2; C. D. G., £10; "Chislehurst," £10; A. C. T., £2; H. R., 5s.; T. D., 1s.; "Lawton's Colleagues," £1; C. S., 5s.; "Ruhtra Gnik," 2s.; R. A. (Southport), 1s.; "7th Batt. Essex Regiment," 5s.; "I. S. Y.," 2s. 6d.; "An Archdeacon," £2; L. D., 1s.; "A Policeman and his Mate," 3s.; B. K. (Wymondham), 1s.; C. E. N., 1s.; Master A.B., 6d.; G. H. J., £1; W. J. B., £1 1s.; A. McC., 2s.; J. B. S. (Cardiff), 2s.; H. V. G., 10s.; B. S. C., 10s.; N. H. (Fleetwood), 10s.; S. J., 5s.; A. H. C. W., 5s.; Anon, 2s.; "Mother of Terrier," parcel; S. C., 1s.; G. McD., £1 1s.; K. P., 6d.; G. F. P., 4s. 6d.; J. I. S., 1s.; L. L. E. (Gillingham), 5s.; J. E. B., 1s.; "A Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; "Man of Kent," £2; J. W., 5s.; J. B. (Surrey) £5; E. R. D., 1s.; H. W. P., £5; R. P. (N.S.W.), £4; A. S. K., 1s.; P. L. L. (Stockport), 1s.; A. B. (Birkenhead), 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; F. W., £5; W. O. £1; E. B. T., 2s.; W. A. (Wallasley), 1s; E. M., 10s.; E. M. T., 1s.; "Gloves," 3s.; F. H., 2s. 6d.; J. L. T., 2s. 6d.; A. W. M., 3s. 6d.; A. S., 2s. 6d.; "Monifieth," 1s.; H. M. S., 2s.; H. H., 3s. 6d.; "Jap," 6s. 6d.; A. W. N., 2s.; "Rhophi," 2s. 6d.; "Iyo Mam," 2s. 6d.; "Geo.," 2s.; "Two Little 'Uns," £1; Anon., 6d.; J. E. C., 5s.; F. S., 5s.; "Pro Bono Publico," 1s.; C. E. J., 5s.; "A Bullet Winner," 2s. 6d.; A. A., £2 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; E. S. R., 5s.; "Sam," 1s.; E. B. T., £1 1s.; A. F. C., 10s.; R. H., 3s.; B. B. H., 5s.; F. W. C., £5; "Edgar and Ivy," 2s.; E. W., £10; "Kirkby," 3s.; "Grateful" (Pembroke Dock), 6d.

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MODEL No. 2.

ENCOURAGING THE RECRUIT.

AN AFTER-DINNER CHAT.

"Every able-bodied man who is unmarried will be dismissed. He must enlist. It is his duty. Duty before everything, my men," said the employer pompously. "Your country needs you. If you don't enlist you needn't apply here for a job again."

There were cheers from one section, the others exchanged dismayed glances.

Having thus given his mandate, the employer strutted off with all the consequence of one who knows he has uttered a lofty and noble sentiment.

On arriving home he plodded through a sumptuous dinner and finally betook himself to his well-appointed sanctum, where, with a bottle of port conveniently to hand and a fragrant cigar between his lips, he sat and mused.

"Terrible thing, war," he reflected. "The honour of the nation is at stake. We must have men."

To him came a friend. "Fine thing you've done, sir," he said, apropos of the employer's mandate to his men. "Noble! Patriotic!"

"Thank God, I know my duty as an Englishman," said the employer complacently.

"How did the men take it?"

"I neither know nor care. This is not the time to consider private feelings."

"Very good, sir, very good. We could do with more of your sort."

"Ah, you flatter me, my friend. I only do my best."

"The country is proud of you. You sacrifice so much."

"Pray don't mention it. I always put self last."

"Joining the Army will be the making of some of your men," ventured the friend dryly.

"Certainly, they lack discipline. I've been telling them to economise in these hard times, but they take no notice."

"What! you surprise me, and you setting such a shining example?"

"Yes, I've dismissed my footman."

"Fine! Fine!"

"And I only have one wine served at dinner."

"No!"

"It's true. I believe in the British officer's motto of never asking your men to do what you cannot do yourself."

"You're confining yourself to bare necessities, of course."

"Practically, practically," said the employer, refilling his glass.

"Very creditable of you."

"I'm only affording the men an opportunity of showing their loyalty to their King and country."

"They appreciate it, I'm sure. None of them have dependents, of course?"

"My dismissal only applies to unmarried men."

"You have no bachelors keeping mothers and sisters?"

"One cannot think of that. Remember, sir, this is a national emergency. Besides, there is the Relief Fund."

"Yes, yes, of course. I was forgetting that. They won't suffer at all. They'll be well looked after, I suppose."

"Undoubtedly, though beggars can't be choosers."

"By the way, I hear there is to be no conscription."

"So I understand. Horrible thing, conscription; in a free country it would not be tolerated for one moment, sir."

"No, not for an instant."

"The man who'd suggest it would be a vile despot."

"Undoubtedly."

"One volunteer is worth half-a-dozen conscripts."

"I've always thought that," said the friend mildly.

"To institute conscription would be a gross violation of the rights of man."

"That is putting it too mildly altogether," said the friend. "Take the case of your own men. Suppose——"

"Not my men now," said the employer, breaking in; "say the King's men;" and his chest heaved proudly as he said it.

"Pardon me. I should have said that, of course. Supposing these late employees of yours had been forced to join the colours."

"Ah, my friend, that is a contingency horrible to contemplate. I would never force a man. I encouraged mine, sir, encouraged them."

"Indeed. By the way, have you got a dictionary handy? I just want to look up the meaning of 'encourage.'"

Notice!

"Erasmic" & "Duchess."

Grocers, Shopkeepers and the public generally are cautioned that worthless imitations of the Erasmic Company's manufactures bearing the above names have been extensively circulated in this district, and they are warned against purchasing, selling, or dealing in any goods bearing the above names, and not manufactured by the Erasmic Company, Limited, of Bank Quay, Warrington.

Any persons detected in making an improper use of either of the above names will be prosecuted.

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What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this advt. and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your 1s. with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our **"Special No. 1,"** containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements.

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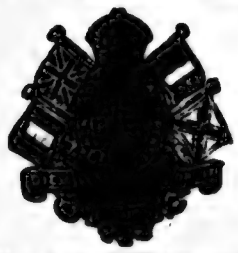
Kaiser Bill to "hack his way."
With his troops went out one day.
Thinking that he had a chance
To sneak through Belgium into France.
After that he meant to be
Lord of earth and air and sea;
Sad to say a well-aimed shell
Knocked poor Billy into —— Berlin.

Copyright.

THE RED CROSS BADGE.

THE "PRO PATRIA" BADGE. (REGISTERED DESIGN.)



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THE JOHN BULL BUSINESS BADGE. (REGISTERED DESIGN.)

They said that John Bull wouldn't fight
Because he feared the German Kaiser.
And didn't care about the right
Of little Belgium; now they're wiser.
On sea he's bottled up their fleet,
On land his army keeps our borders,
And while his sons his foes defeat
He goes on calmly booking orders.

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HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

NATURALISED.

[Scene: *Third-class compartment; five passengers on one side, four on the other, well spread out. Enter* Alien.]

Alien: Vill you be goot enough to move up, shentlemans?

Workman (*spitting*): Er you torkin' ter me?

Alien: Yes; to you und der odders. Dere ees von seadt on dis side, und I vant idt.

Workman: And 'oo er you, may I awsk?

Alien: Neffer mindt 'oo I am. I am a passenger, und I haff a right to der seadt, if you blease.

Workman: Then w'y doncher take it? I ain't sittin' in it, am I? I'm on'y sittin' in me own seat, ain't I?

Alien: Budt I gannodt sit down if you do nod move up a leedle!

Workman: Thet's yor bizniss. I ain't goin' ter move fur no German.

Alien: You say I vas Sherman? I am a Breetisch subject, und a passenger mit a dickedt, und I haf a right——

Workman: Cut it art! Germans ain't got no right to nuthink in England.

Alien: I dell you I am Breetisch! Und eef you do nod move up I call der guard at der negst station!

Workman: 'Ere, donchew stawt threa'dnin' me, ole sossidge! You ain't in Beljum nar, yer know; yer in England, an' yer gotter be'ave yerself. 'Ow do I know you ain't escapin' outer the five-mile limit?

Alien: I 'aff nod a fife mile limid! I am a Breetisch subject, und if you insuldt me some more I 'aff you logdt up at der negst station! Yah! Donner-wetter!

Workman: Nar yer've bin an' gorn an' give yerself away. Thet's a German cuss word. You an' yer Breetisch subjict! 'Ow long 'av' yer bin a British subjict?

Alien (*excitedly drawing out some papers*): I haff begome a Breetisch subject, und now I am ass goot ass you, mine frendt! I snab mine fingers zo at you! Und I giff you in der charge if you do nod maag room vor me—queek!

Workman: So you're one o' them dirty German tykes wot's gorn an' got natchrerlised ter save yer bloomin' bacon, on orcarnt o' the wore (*spitting*). Changed yer name, too, I s'pose.

Alien: Dot iss mine beesness. Vill you maag room vor me or vill you nod?

Workman: I'll nod—an' keep on noddin'. I ain't goin' ter move a hinch fur a swipe like you. You ain't neether a decent German or a proper Britisher. You're a sorter mongrel, nar. Wot's yer noo name?

Alien: Dot iss mine beesness.

Workman (*winking at other passengers*): You'll find art it's my bizniss too in a minnit. I'm a speshul constable in disguise—thet's wot I am; an' I've a sorter suspishun you're a spy. Wot's yer name? Come on—spit it art!

Alien: I am nod a sby, I dell you! I am a Breetisch subject, und mine name is Kingsley. You led me zit down, und sdop dis nonsense, if you blease.

Workman: I awsked jer wotcher name wos, not yer eliars. Come on, art wiv it, or it'll be the wuss fur yer.

Alien: Mine name vos Koenig, but now idt iss Kingsley. Und I do nod believe you a special gonstable are. You do nod sbeak der troot. Vy do you maag me standt all der time? Idt iss nod kind.

Workman: It ain't meant ter be. It's bein' crool—thet's wot it is; an' I'm glad of it. 'Aven't yore lot murdered wimmin an' childrun in Beljim? 'Aven't they bombarded churches an' sich like? Very well, then—*you stand!*

Alien: Bud I am a Breetisch subject, I dell you! I haff 'ere der papers.

Workman: Yuss, an' woffor? To save yer dirty German skin an' do a true born Britisher out of a job. There wouldn't be much natchrerlizin' wile the wore is on not if I 'ad my way. Well, I git art 'ere, an' if these gen'l'men don't mind you sittin' darn alongside of 'em you kin 'ave my seat. But I'd like to 'ear you say "Blarst ther Kayser" afore I go.

Alien: Hoch der Kaiser! Dere you are, mine frendt.

Workman: Say it in German if yer like, ser long as yer say it. Goo' night, gen'l'men; so long, sossidge!

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During the month of September there have been only fifteen actual racing days owing to the abandonment of various meetings, but during that time "GALE'S SPECIAL" has given no less than

TWENTY-TWO WINNERS,

which have included :—

HIGHFIELD (100 to 8) for the Rous Plate at Doncaster.
LUTEA (8 to 1) for the Mile Nursery Handicap at Alexandra Park.
MOHAGZ (9 to 4) for the Windsor September Handicap at Windsor.
PAEAN (4 to 1) for the Three-Year-Old Handicap at Birmingham.
ARDA (5 to 2) for the Triennial Produce Stakes at Newmarket.

Whilst subscribers to our

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE
SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

from

Newmarket on Wednesday

(Sept. 30th), received

CLAIRVOYANTE, 5 to 1 agst, WON, D.H.
CLAIRVOYANTE, 5 to 1 agst, WON, D.H.
CLAIRVOYANTE, 5 to 1 agst, WON, D.H.
CLAIRVOYANTE, 5 to 1 agst, WON, D.H.

ANOTHER "GEM" for KEMPTON PARK!

The usual price of the Editor's Primus Wire is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS, but in order to relieve the anxieties of sportsmen whose balance is on the wrong side, the Editor will again send his

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

from

Kempton Park on Saturday

upon receipt of

FIVE POUNDS.

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires :—

July 10.—	**DESOLATION**, 10 to 1 agst	WON
July 15.—	**SANDUSKY**, 7 to 1 agst	WON
July 18.—	**REDFERN**, 2 to 1 agst	WON
July 21.—	**ONEIDA II.**, 6 to 1 agst	WON
July 24.—	**LIGHT BRIGADE**, 7 to 2 agst ...	WON
Aug. 29.—	**HOUNAM**, evens	WON
Sept. 5.—	**WILLBROOK**, 5 to 4 agst ...	WON
Sept. 18.—	**LAMPLUGH**, 100 to 12 agst ...	WON
Sept. 30.—	**CLAIRVOYANTE**, 5 to 1 agst	WON, D.H.

POST FIVE POUNDS

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G. R.

TO ALL EX-N.C.O.s.

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No liability for service abroad if over 45, or in special cases 40.

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Pensioners may draw their pensions in addition to pay of rank at Army rates.

Apply for information or enlistment at any recruiting office, or ask O.C. depot to re-enlist you in your old corps.

GOD SAVE THE KING

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

TO NEW RECRUITS.—We desire to acknowledge a large number of important and interesting letters received from new recruits, dealing with various scandals—most of which, however, we hope are now being remedied. If we do not acknowledge these communications direct, it is because we are desirous of not compromising our correspondents with their superior officers.

OUR JUMBLE SALE.—We have to thank numerous readers for many interesting suggestions in reference to this scheme, all of which are receiving consideration. We hope to make a definite announcement on the subject at an early date.

A. L. (Dover).—We have no statistics on the subject, and can only tell you that, in the words of the Recruiting Officers present, there was a big rush to join—both inside and outside the hall.

T. J. G. (Lisburn).—Sorry you think we were too hard on Sir Edward Carson—who is one of the best. We felt very strongly, however, on the subject, although endeavouring to hold the scales evenly between all Parties.

"JIMMY" (Hampstead).—Accept our assurance that the fact of your being unable to get a drink after 11 is no fault of ours. All the blame rests on the Kaiser.

F. P. (Stockwell).—No. The exact wording of the Imperial decree published in Vienna is "In view of the heroic dash of the Austrian Army the Emperor has granted reservists also the honour of going to fight for the defence of the Fatherland." Which makes us smile some.

W. S. (Barry) protests, "as a loyal English workman, against Cabinet Ministers' cheap platform jokes on our terrible enemy." Said Cabinet Ministers will please note.

M. A. W. (Gillingham) and OTHERS.—We cannot undertake to state whether or not particular firms or persons are German.

"COCKNEY" (Walthamstow).—Do you mean the fortress of Przemysl? If so, don't worry about the pronunciation thereof. Call it the Pig and Whistle.

"SHAREHOLDER" (Ashford).—Let the Anglo-Westphalian Kent Coal Company answer for itself.

"CAPTAIN" (Tidworth).—We note that the alleged exploits of Corporal O'Brien are all bunkum.

A. W. (Kopperlec).—The German Press Bureau, London, W., is obviously bogus, and the letter of "Le Chef do Bureau" either that of a fool, a fanatic, or a *farceur*.

MRS. D. A. D. (Ipswich).—The question of separation allowances for sailors' wives is receiving the attention of the "Government."

F. N. D. (Bradford).—Agreed that the letter of the Vicar (Rev. A. D. Barker), in St. Columba's Parish Magazine, is very "manly."

M. D. (Truro).—Your menu of the "Dinner to H.I.M. the Kaiser by the Allied Forces" might be improved. Who, for instance, do you think would eat "Kaiser Head on Toast"?

W. B. (Co. Down) is sorry we "do not understand the Irish question yet." Let him live in hope; we'll keep on trying.

F. F. (Herne Hill).—Thanks for yours. Our correspondence is so heavy that we have been unable to reply before. Hope you got to the meeting, however.

LUCY T. (Chigwell).—Thanks, but do not at present require letters "as to the need of international arbitration as soon as possible." When the Kaiser is down and done for, however, you may mention the matter again.

"BLIND B." (Blackburn).—The ferrets are the British destroyers at the mouth of the Elbe. A German rat may dash out now and again, but it by no means follows that it will get back to its hole.

MRS. B. (Brighton).—School teachers are very tactless sometimes. Instead of taking off in front of the class the patriotic ribbon your child was wearing on her hair because some of the other girls laughed, the teacher should have improved the occasion by reading them a lesson on some such a theme as Patriotic and Other Emblems, what they signify, and so forth.

H. M. F. (Peckham).—We believe that if the Government encouraged the formation of a home defence force, trained in spare time, and imposing no military obligation, they would get a large body of citizens willing for and capable of auxiliary home defence should the day of necessity dawn.

"BRITISHER" (Liverpool).—The King is a gentleman and Briton; that is why he spoke in so kindly a way to the German wounded in the hospital. But it is possible to be *too* kind.

G. W. J. L. (Manor Park).—Parish vicars are not the people into whose hands we would place the National Relief Fund for distribution. A small committee of business men in each district, unidentified with local party politics or religious sectarianism, would be the best machinery. When you say that people subscribe to our Human Documents Fund "because they wish to see their names in print," you are not only wrong, but uncharitable, which is worse. We print only the initials of subscribers.

"THOMAS ATKINS" (Cambridge).—One would certainly expect Army contractors, above all people, to pay their employees some proportion of their wages when called up for active service. They make their handsome profits out of the Army, and should be the first to give practical expression to their patriotism.

H. W. (Spitalfields).—Whoever told you that there are hundreds of funerals every day at Olympia, due to alien prisoners confined there being shot or stabbed by the sentries, was either a top-hole liar, worthy of the best Germhun traditions, or was trying to make your Austrian flesh creep. We leave abominations of that kind to your nation's ally, Germany.

F. C. M. (Co. Antrim).—Your somewhat pessimistic views as regards Irish loyalty in the present crisis do not appear to have been altogether justified, which doubtless pleases you as much as it does us.

"ORPHEUS" (Clapton, N.E.).—We note that the late editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, Mr. M. A. F. Cotton, is now on active service at the Front, and that he was not responsible for the scare war headlines in that paper to which we took exception.

H. N. (Tottenham) calls "Kur" Hardie a "grand old Scotchman, the incorruptible, the man with the leonine head." He should have a cage to himself at the Zoo. Because of our moderate and well-merited attacks upon his hero, H. N. says: "I have been compelled to cancel my order for your interesting paper, although I read it at the club." That is true Kurhardian consistency and thrift.

J. G. (Cheshire).—There are a hundred better ways of raising money for the war than by doubling the postage rates, which would press heavily on the poor. One way would be an impost that would fall on our bloated millionaires, many of them of alien origin, and some of whom have given even less than Carnegie's paltry £1,000 to the National Relief Fund—to wit, nothing at all!

E. B. (Barry Docks) declares that some British merchants are supplying the Germans by way of Holland, and adds: "Will you tell Scotland Yard to keep awake?" Scotland Yard is hereby severely admonished to refrain from slumber.

"A SCARLET (WITH INDIGNATION) PIMPERNEL."—Although Baroness Orczy is a British subject, through her marriage to an Englishman, she is a Hungarian by birth, and we agree that it was a little indiscreet on her part (not questioning her sincerity) to publish a patriotic appeal to "The Women of England" to give their sons and sweethearts for the war. British women do not need prompting to do their duty by ladies of alien origin, however eminent.

W. B. (Nottingham).—We have read the advertisement cut from the *Nottingham Evening Post*: "HOME comfortable for respectable young man, separate bedroom, widow.—15, Pym Street." We see nothing in it to object to. On the contrary, the arrangement it suggests strikes us as being most proper.

"NAOMI" (Victoria Park).—Are not you a little presumptuous in saying our conception of God is not true? It may not coincide with yours, but as religious belief is a matter of faith and not knowledge, it is not impossible that we may be right and you wrong. The lot of the asylum attendant in New Zealand appears to be a happy one, provided he does not knock the patients about.

Don't forget the Pen Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

A. M. (Woolwich).—As a class, the officers of the British Army treat their men with consideration and respect. But, of course, amongst them, as amongst the N.C.O.s, are to be found a few snobs and bullies who seem to think they cannot be soldiers without being martinets. In proof whereof, the little incident you witnessed.

L. C. (Battersea Park Road).—Your money will be perfectly safe in the Post Office Savings' Bank. This is not Germany.

B. H. W. W. (Hornchurch).—There should be no great difficulty in extracting an adequate war indemnity from Germany and Austria. The money would probably be raised by means of loans, and the payment might be extended over a long period. Anyhow, they will have to pay, pay, pay!

Lieut. R. A. (Kendal).—So Paterson and Co., the Mail Order individuals of 51, Beak Street, London, W., "do not think many sensible people are much affected by what they read in John Bull." Perhaps when the aforesaid "sensible people" see the postponed result of Paterson's competition (now promised for October 31st), they will regret they did not give our statements a little more credence.

W. B. (Boxford).—We do not think disasters to our Fleet should be concealed from the public. Every injury the Germhuns do us strengthens our determination to vanquish them finally and utterly. Have not you noticed that with the news of each reverse to our arms, recruiting makes an upward bound?

T. D. (Margate).—Thanks for the trouble you have taken, but we have already given the correct authorship of the verses "Meinzelf und Gott," and cannot spare the space to go further into the subject.

E. J. M. (Brighton).—We agree that a Battenburg as First Sea Lord is not an ideal appointment, but hesitate to adopt your suggestion, which you seem to make without evidence of any kind.

W. T. B. (Vancouver).—By all means "register your kick," but even a penalty kick may be saved, as any football player will tell you.

"A Suttonian" and Others.—We shall be very pleased to receive your contributions—large or small—for the Jumble Sale.

R. A. (Southport).—We are afraid the old copies for the years 1861-2 of our "predecessor in title" are practically worthless. Your p.o. for 1s. has been placed to our War Relief Fund.

A. K. (Manor Park).—We shall be surprised if the age limit for recruits remains at 35 throughout the war. Depend upon it, the middle-aged man will have his chance before it is all over.

R. M. B. (Crewe).—You would never pass the Army medical examination if you are ruptured. You might become as much a burden to your company as you would if wounded. Leave it to the sound men. There are plenty of them.

W. H. (Preston).—There is a good historical precedent for renaming the Kaiser Wilhelm the Bloody, viz., Bloody Mary. Perhaps G. B. Shaw will be good enough to authorise the epithet!

L. W. (Gloucester) and H. H. R.—Thanks for contributions to our Trinket Fund.

"A Britisher" suggests that we should offer a reward of £50,000 for "the august body of the Kaiser, alive or dead." But he might offer something for our own!

D. R. (Ireland).—If a man who has been bankrupt has obtained his discharge, and a certificate stating that the bankruptcy was caused by misfortune, and not by any misconduct of his own part, he can sit in Parliament.

W. H. W. (Dudley).—We have already commented on the fate of Bernard or Vernon Watson, of Wolverhampton. The publishers will see to your requirements. Glad trade is booming.

"Rule Britannia" (Belfast).—Fortunately, the great majority of Irishmen can see that there are bigger questions at issue just now than Home Rule, and the bulk of them are sensible enough to realise that their own house cannot be put in order until the Germhun menace is not merely scotched, but killed dead entirely.

Mrs. P. (Leicester).—Think yourself lucky that by some miraculous means you were actually paid a bonus by the Williams and Sons Bonus Tea concern, of Silver Street, Leicester. Now, if you take our advice, you will let it alone and not tempt fate any further. Besides, sevenpence a quarter is a long price to pay for ordinary tea nowadays, even with the doubtful prospect of getting some of your money back in the dim future.

A. E. W. (Maidenhead).—As you are totally deaf, we are at a loss to imagine what possible use you would be at the Front. Officers in the field do not usually number a knowledge of the deaf and dumb alphabet amongst their accomplishments, and even stretcher-bearers have to obey orders, which they receive through their ears. A dumb soldier would be more useful than a deaf one.

L. D.—We have no personal experience of the medical appliance inquired about, but it is only fair to the firm to say that, so far, we have had no complaint concerning it. Your p.o. for 1s. has been added to our War Relief Fund.

W. L. (Muswell Hill).—How many more correspondents are going to tell us the already antiquated wheeze about the recruit who said, when rejected on account of bad teeth, "I don't want to eat the Germans, but to shoot 'em"?

"Disappointed" (Leicester) thinks the advertisement of Craig, Craig and Co., 81, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, "very misleading." We call it something else. She sent 1s. for the advertised costume, believing it would be sent her on receipt of her deposit. Ah, no! She has to wait fourteen weary weeks, till the last shilling is paid. Our advice is, don't throw good shillings after bad.

B. K. (Wymondham).—We certainly cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending the Sanitary Training College, 335, High Holborn. As you have given no name or full address, we are handing over your shilling postal order to our War Relief Fund.

B. H. (Plymouth) thinks we ought to tell our readers the exact difference between a Red and a Blue Marine, and no more jokes about them. Very well. The former belongs to the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the latter to the Royal Marine Artillery. Here's to his Majesty's Jollies!

A. G. (Aston Manor).—Pity you did not see our criticism of Paterson and Co., of Beak Street, London, W., in a recent issue.

R. G. (Kirkcaldy).—Regret we cannot advance you £50 to enable you to enlist. Nor, as ours is a volunteer Army, should we feel justified in coercing you to join in any event.

T. P. L. (West Ealing).—There cannot be many wine drinkers who are under the mistaken impression that Hock is a French drink. Surely its name alone advertises its Germhun origin.

"Interested" (c.o. G.P.O.).—It seems strange to us that the Royal Fleet Reserve, alone of all branches of the Services, are not granted long service medals after doing 15 years V.G. active service. The fact that their period of active service as a rule is not continuous matters little, in our opinion.

R. P. (Shaldon) asks whether a Sunday contemporary is "pro-German or simply 'panniky.'" Is he sure it is one or the other?

A. S. (Cardiff).—Any English working man who says he would as soon be ruled by a German as an English government, speaks from out the depths of his ignorance. Why are Germans who have once enjoyed the privilege of English life so reluctant to return to their own country?

"Old Soldier" (Worle).—Don't be so erysipelas! How is the employment of Indian troops in the campaign "a lasting disgrace on the manhood of our country"? As the Germhuns are attacking the British Empire, it is not only the duty but the *right* of every section of the said Empire to assist in its defence

W. J. C. (Denmark Hill) is anxious to know the whereabouts of his brother, Frank Cannon, the jockey, who has lately been riding in Germany.

J. J. (Muswell Hill, N.) thinks it would be a more equitable arrangement if soldiers and sailors, the Empire's defenders, were paid £400 a year, and Members of Parliament as much as they are worth, say, a shilling a day. Under that scheme we can see Kitchener getting his million men in about five minutes.

J. McN. (Coventry).—There does not appear to us to be any particular necessity for establishing a "National Society for Encouraging British Field Sports during the War." So far as is possible, football, golf, and hunting will continue despite the Germhun menace. Of course, the finest British field sport of all at the moment is German pig sticking.

"Tyne" (Newcastle).—The new British Empire Club (G. W. Morrison, Secretary, and Frank Manners, Chairman) does not impress us. Keep your guinea in your pocket.

W. G. T. (Balham).—Can't spare time or patience just now to worry about two-penn'orths of Government telephone.

Mrs. L. M. S. (Evington) appeals to her husband to return home, as she is in great distress and the children are crying for their father.

W. A. B. (W. Bay).—We know nothing of the facts except as you state them.

"Mother"—Sorry we are not quite clear as to the point of your long letter.

A. W. E. (Sidmouth).—Civilians are excludied in similar circumstances from the platforms of London railway stations.

J. C. C. (Lucknow).—As an Army schoolmaster you may be without rival; as a poet you are easily beaten by Shakespeare.

"Boo of Allan" (Tullamore).—If there are any vacancies, the Red Cross Society, 9, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

£1,000 for a Football Forecast. Final Coupon this week.

WHO KILLED THE KAISER?

By Richard Morton.

Who killed the Kaiser?
"I," said Vanity,
"Coupled with Insanity,
I killed the Kaiser!"
All the Unprotected Nations fell a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that Kaiser Bill was dying,
When they heard of the death of Kaiser Bill.

Who helped to slay him?
"I," said Albert of Brussels,
"In the course of one or two tussles,
I helped to slay him."
All the Ghosts of Martyred Mothers were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Butcher of Babes was dying.

Who caught his blood?
"I," said Servia,
"Who could be nervier?
I caught his blood."
All the Independent States were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the War Lord of Europe was dying.

Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said Tsar Nicholas,
"He wanted to tickle us
I'll dig his grave."
All the Dum-dum Bullet Fakers were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Prussian Barbarian was dying.

Who'll make his shroud?
"I," said Italy,
"He loved me so—bitterly!
I'll make his shroud."
All the Arts and Sciences were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Ruffian of Rheims was dying.

Who'll make his coffin?
"I," said King George,
"His crimes raised my gorge,
I'll make his coffin."
All the Jack Tars and Tommies were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Admiral of the Atlantic was dying.

Who'll send a wreath?
"Us," said Messrs. Krupp,
"He kebt gun brices up,
Us vill zend der wreaf."
All the Armament Contractors were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Man of Blood and Iron was dying.

Who'll preach the sermon?
"I," said Poincare,
"Freedom shines like a star ray!
I'll preach the sermon."
All Alsace and Lorraine were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Colossus of Clay was dying.

Who'll write his obituary?
"We," said the German Press,
"We can pile on the lies, *hein*, yes!
We'll write his obituary."
Ananias and Sapphira were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Prince of their Trade was dying.

Who'll carry the pall?
"I," said Japan,
"I want to help all I can,
I'll carry the pall."
All the Friends of Liberty were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Enemy of Democracy was dying.

Who'll be chief mourners?
"We," said Keir Hardie and Ramsay Mac.,
"There will be nobody else in black,
So we'll be chief mourners."
All the True Progressive Peoples were a-sobbing and a-sighing,
When they heard that the Military Autocrat was dying.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"Evening News":—"The colonels of each regiment have been killed or wounded, a fact which bears further testimony to General Gough's skill in command."

"Boxing":—"Yet no Irish Guardsman got hit, except a few who were wounded."

"Northern Daily Telegraph":—"His father, who died in 1904, was born in Germany, but became a naturalised Englishman 60 years before that."

"North Cheshire Herald":—"Fourteen men were killed around him, but they got away in a lull without being hit."

Waring Green Congregational Sunday-school Concert Programme:—"Doors open at 7*d* Concert to commence at 6.30."

"Daily Malta Chronicle":—"Captain Stewart and Captain Bernard F. Trench of the Royal Marines were imprisoned in a fortress . . . . and kept in a cell awaiting trial which never came. When it did come it was conducted *in camera*."

"Manchester Evening Chronicle":—"The men at Heaton Park are now working at high pressure, and are performing their preliminary drills splendidly. There is, however, no sign of any clothing, though it is expected every day."

"News of the World":—
"The *Emden* is operating in an ocean which covers over 17,000,000 square miles."

"Belfast Evening Telegraph" advertisement:
"Wanted to rent, small furnished or Unfurnished Cottage, for two, with six or seven miles of Belfast."

"Daily Mail":—
"They have slaughtered non-combatants on the merest pretext, and dragged them off to Germany as slaves."

"Edinburgh Evening Dispatch":—
"They took to their heels as fast as their horses would carry them."

"Essex Weekly News":—
"He knew the defendant had a camera, which he used chiefly for taking pictures."

Bull's Eyes.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Did the Kaiser go East in order to relieve his generals in the West?
Isn't "Hungary" getting very much "fed up"?
Hasn't the Crown Prince of Germany got very "taking" ways?
Won't the Prussians find that "Cossack" is pronounced with the emphasis on the "sack"?
Does Austria now realise that a "mine" is not always a source of wealth?
Hasn't the Germhun "eagle" become very like a "lyre-bird"?
Isn't it "pieces" rather than "peace" that Germany is exploiting the United States for?
Are you trying to "not" that Thousand Pounder on page 27?

• • •

It is now stated that the German gunners were ordered to avoid hitting Rheims Cathedral. They must be shocking marksmen.

• • •

"Most love is experimental," says a novelist. Certainly lovers are very trying folk.

• • •

Blankets of any colour will be thankfully received for the troops. Only wet ones will not be welcomed.

• • •

We hear a good deal about the "German Right," but there won't be any left soon.

The ideal gift for a soldier or sailor friend—a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

FINAL COUPON—SEND YOUR ENTRIES NOW.

Another £1,000 NEW FOOTBALL CONTEST FOR ALL CORRECT

HOME AND AWAY WINS AND DRAWS

Seeing that the Football League fixtures are being carried out, we have decided to continue our contests. We are again offering the huge sum of £1,000 for an all-correct coupon, with a big must-be-won cash prize. In addition we are offering a special *extra* £25 prize for a *Mary Bull* Mauve coupon. The final coupon appears this week. Send your entries now.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, October 17th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an extra £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of the next best mauve coupon. The final mauve coupon will be found in this week's "Mary Bull" on sale Friday, October 9th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 4."

The closing date is Friday, October 16th

YOUR LAST CHANCE. CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16th

PITY THE POOR EDITOR.

MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Are you open to accept Caractures, apropos the principle characters in the Theatre of War."

"Please could you kindly oblige me by sending me a rectation about the war. Kindly send and let me know and what price kindly and send as soon as you can as I want it for a concert for the first week in (Oct) and oblige."

"Would you Entertain the Idea of placing before the public, in your Book (John Bull) a copy of a picture of which there is not another like it on this Earth."

"Could you please give me the price of an up-to-date metal-made, velvet-rimmed, steroscope, with 5 doz. new prints of various kinds, including India and Africa, and oblige."

"Will you kindly inform me the names of the nearest towns to the following racecourses:—Gatwick, Haydock Park, Hurst Park, Newbury, Kempton Park, Plumpton, Sandown Park, Lingfield, Ludlow, Uttoxeter, Hooton Park, Southwell, Aylesbury, Croxton Park, Bogside, Pontefract, Catrick Bridge, Alexandra Park, Harpenden, Ripon, Ascot, Redcar, Lewes, Beverley, Thirsk, Bibury?"

"A person having been a Oat cake baker at one time here in Blackburn; he makes a statement he Riddled his Oat cakes with all meal; I should be pleased to know his meaning by saying he Riddled with all meal; kindly find out the true meaning of this persons statement; kindly let me know whether it is true or not."

"Dear Bot.,—Please excuse the flippant address, but I am so excited that I scarce know what to do. For years I have suffered with a chronic complaint, i.e., a habit of spelling everything backwards to see what sense could be made out of words so treated. Looking at the word "Potsdam" to-day, I made the breathless discovery that it is an imperative command to cease hostilities, giving the Kaiser's brain trouble as the reason. Please communicate this to proper authorities."

Racing Notes.

Princess Dorric has settled down into warm favouritism for the Cesarewitch, but she is set a hard task. Fiz-Yama is much fancied to do what is unprecedented, and that is win the race in two successive years. Naughty Girl has long been a quiet tip, and Enoch's filly is much expected. GONDOVAR is another that will do well. From one of these four the winner will probably come, but a definite selection can be left till next week. At Leicester to-day, SIR GEORGE should win the Midland Nursery; COMATLAST the Camp Handicap, and DAN RUSSEL the Leicestershire Stakes. To-morrow LUSCA for the Village Nursery, and ST. CRESPIN for the Selby Plate, are the best things.

At Kempton Park on Friday GREY BARBARIAN in the Thames Plate, REDFERN* in the Imperial Produce Plate, and WILD ARUM in the Kingston Handicap, should be returned winners. The Duke of York Stakes on Saturday should be won by HONEYWOOD, and the Rivermead Welter by THE WAIF.

JARNAC II. ran quite well enough at Alexandra Park, under the welter weight of 10 st. 7 lbs., and on a course quite unsuited to him, not to have spoilt his Cambridgeshire chance—which is still second to none. All the other horses from the stable ran well, and those who backed them each way had a good day. On Thursday, BUNCH O' KEYS should go close for the big selling race at Leicester—whilst should MOFAT be pulled out again at Kempton, he will win. But it is when the jumping begins that the Dicker horses will be in their element.

IT is an interesting mark of the progress in popularity of the Naunton's National Music System that "A Call to Arms"—a fine, stirring patriotic song, by Cyril Thorne—should have been published in this new simplification of pianoforte playing. The song is priced at sixpence net, the whole of the profits being devoted to the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund. It may also be obtained at the same price in the ordinary notation, with Tonic-sol-fa added.

A Big Cheque for the Best "Bullet" received.

1st Prize **£250** **1st Prize**

£250 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £20 each

100 Prizes of 10/-

10 Prizes of £2 10 | **1,000 Handsome Prizes** | **200 Prizes of 5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY
UNWELCOME ADVANCES
THE CROWN PRINCE
OFFICIAL ACCOUNTS
THE KAISER'S HOPE
THE EVIL DAY
SUDDEN COLLAPSE
A CLEVER MOVE
GERMAN MIGHT
LANDLADY'S TONGUE
GIVING HIM BEST
WIFE'S RELATIONS
THE LATEST NEWS
UTTER RUBBISH
ENRAGING THE COOK
CARRYING ON
WHEN FATHER SPEAKS
AFTER SUPPER
SAME OLD GAME
FINAL EDITION
BAD NIGHT'S REST
AMATEUR WORK
THE LATEST 40/E
BONE OF CONTENTION
ON GUARD
MAKES PEOPLE TALK
BRITISH PLUCK
FILLING THE GAPS
CHANGING HIS MIND
LONDON BY NIGHT

BEST PRIZE OFFER OF ANY PAPER

Closing date, Thursday, October 15th

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(106) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated October 17th.

Closing date, Thursday, October 15th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(106) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 106." "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 103
See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "CHANGING HIS MIND," and take the letters "S" and "G," using the word "Engagement" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "SEQUEL, ENGAGEMENT CANCELLED."

From the example "WHEN FATHER SPEAKS," the Bullet "SILENCE EXPECTED" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "MAKES PEOPLE TALK," using the letter "M" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "MASTER WEDS MAIDSERVANT."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 31st, 1914.

RESULT OF 103RD BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. ADAM M. AITKEN,
25, High Street,
Hawick, Scotland.

Example:—FEELING THE PINCH.
Bullet:—NEVER JUSTIFIES "PINCHING."

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

Mr. A. E. EDWARDS, 2, Crediton Mansions, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.:
GERMAN ACCOUNTS—"SPLIT" OUR "SIDES."

Mr. FRANK VOCE, 7, Gordon Avenue, Waterloo, Liverpool:
BY THE FIRESIDE—"FUTURE STATES" DISCUSSED.

Mr. R. M. WILLIAMSON, Junr., 309, Leith Walk, Edinburgh:
FEELING THE PINCH—FAT LADY FREQUENTLY.

Mr. WM. KENWORTHY, Brick Mill Cottage, Mossley, Manchester:
CHARGING DOUBLE—"RUSH" OF BUSINESS.

Mr. CHAS. WILLMAN, 41, East Dulwich Grove, London, S.E.:
SHOCKING WASTE—WORDS IN AGREEMENT.

Mr. JOHN W. WILSON, 6, Sackville Garden, Ballybough Road, Dublin:
GERMAN ACCOUNTS—RESEMBLE JOSEPH'S COAT.

Mr. F. LE SAUX, 12, Kensington Place, Jersey, Channel Islands:
BRITISH SOLDIERS—EVERY "COLOUR" RELIABLE.

Mr. NEIL B. HENDERSON, 3, Playfair St., Bridgeton, Glasgow:
GERMAN ACCOUNTS—UNINTENTIONALLY BETRAY "MUTILATION."

Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, 16, Wern Road, Landore, Swansea:
GENERALLY PROVES EXPENSIVE—PUB BEFORE GRUB.

Mr. A. HAGUE, 191, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds:
BY THE FIRESIDE—TEUTONS WISH TOMMY.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. G. J. DRIVER, "Pembury," Dudley Rd., Ventnor, I.O.W.:
SILENT WATCH—SELDOM FOOTBALL CROWDS.

Miss E. COULTHURST, 12, Merton Road, Southsea, Hants.:
ENGLAND'S SALVATION—"STAND"—AND "DELIVER."

Mr. L. J. DRIVER, 24, Gring Street, Spalding:
GERMAN ACCOUNTS—EDITIONS WITH ADDITIONS.

Mr. JAMES THOMPSON, 180, Church Road, Teddington, Midx.
BY THE FIRESIDE—HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS.

Mr. ARTHUR LEVERETT, Central Engraving Co., 21, Camomile Street, London, E.C.:
PUBLISHING THE TRUTH—HOSPITALS IN GERMANY.

Miss M. AINSWORTH, at Mayboro', Tarraway Road, Paignton, South Devon:
HURRYING HOME—MENDICANT FORGETS INFIRMITIES.

Mr. W. MARGACH, 36, Millar Crescent, Edinburgh:
SHOCKING WASTE—ANY JUST NOW.

Mr. ERNEST A. LITTLE, 54, Bodney Road, Hackney Downs, N.E.
CHANGE OF FRONT—CANVASSER ENCOUNTERS HUBBY.

Mr. THOMAS DEEGAN, 18, Havelock Square, Sandymount Dublin:
SHOCKING WASTE—ANYTHING FATHER'S ALLOWED.

Mr. B. NEAL, 9, Cross Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.:
BY THE FIRESIDE—THINGS SEEM BRIGHTER.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ADOLPHUS, J., 19, Alderney Road, Mile End, E.
AGER, H., 184, Hollydale Road, Peckham, S.E.
AWLEY, S. H., 57, Lyndhurst Road, North End, Portsmouth.
BAGGALEY, M., 8, Bedford Place, Southampton.
BAILEY, D. (Mrs.), Olivers Lane, Shrub End, Colchester, Essex.
BARKER, M., 86, Railway Road, Urmston, near Manchester.
BARTLETT, L., Vestry Road, Street, Somerset.
BAYFIELD, A. E., 48, Cardiff Road, Norwich.
BERRY, C., Laburnum House, Mayo Avenue, Bradford, Yorks.
BONNY, E. E. (Mrs.), 7, Pink Street, Burnley.
BOND (Mrs.), 1, Greenwood Terr., Southwall Rd., Deal, Kent.
BREWER, B., Bridge Street, Sturminster, Newton, Dorset.
BRABHAM, S., Wells, Norfolk.
BUCHANAN, J., 54, New Cut, Lambeth, London, S.E.,
BUGLASS, W., Iwizell Road, Beamish, Durham.
BYLES, R. T., Manor House, Ifield, Crawley, Sussex.
COCHRANE, R. O., 34, Morehampton Terrace, Dublin.
COLLINS, E. (Mrs.), 53, Gordon Street, Scarborough.
CROWTHER, H., 34, New Churwell, Morley, Yorks.
DARBYSHIRE, T., 4, Alington St., Cheetham Hill, Manchester.
DE SEYSSET, G. N. (Capt.), Wireless School, Marconi House, Strand, London, W.C.
DOWNING, P., Needwood, Llandudno.
DUFFING, R., 8, Viewbank Terrace, Dundee.
EASTMAN, F. (Mrs.), 16, Ruskin Road, Tottenham, N.
EVILL, S., 5, North View Terrace, Looe, Cornwall.
FINNEGAN, E. J., 8, Northmain Street, Cork City, Ireland.
FRASER, R. G., 130, West Graham St., Garnethill, Glasgow, W.
GARAN, V. H. F., Homecroft, Oakleigh Road, Barnstaple.
GEMMELL, C. (Mrs.), 39, John Carrick St., Springburn, Glasgow.
GLOVER, G., 20, Elsmere Terrace, Breck Road, Liverpool.
GORDON, G. R., 5, North Road, Brighton.
GREENALL, R. S., Dutton, Longridge, Preston.
GREIG, W. A., 47, Easlemont Avenue, Aberdeen.
GRIFFITH, L., 20, Zachariah Street, Salford.
GUTHRIE, A. D., 199, Ferry Road, Leith, Edinburgh.
HARTLEY, J., 17, Forest Street, Burnley, Lancs.
HENSHALL, F., 15, Southoak Lane, Wilmslow, Cheshire.
HOLDER, F., Husher Cottage, Back Lane, Letchmore Heath, Watford, Herts.
HOUGHTON, J. H., 16, Entwistle St., Waitworth Pk., Manchester
HUCKINS, C. H., Castlethorpe Mill, Stony Stratford, Bucks.
IRVINE, M. J. (Miss), 70, Gillingate, Kendal.
JENKINSON, W. H., Nilford Cottage, Hednesford.
JUDGE, C. (Mrs.), 48 Sundringham Rd., Golder's Green, N.W.
KELLOCK, W., 45, Abercorn Road, Londonderry.
KEMP, S. E. (Mrs.), 8, Campbell Road, Gravesend, Kent.
KNAPMAN, G. A., 83, Durnford Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.
LABAN, P., Arboretum Hotel, Derby.
LANSDOWN, F. G. (Mrs.), Norton St. Philip, Bath.
LAWRENCE, AMY, 78, Newgate Street, City, London.
LITTLEWOOD, E. (Mrs.), 185, Capstone Road, Bournemouth.
LOMAS, S., 2, The Poplars, Mersey Road, Sale.
LOMAS, H., 92, Westminster Road, Hoole, Chester.
LOTT, J. B. (Mrs.), Lombard Croft, Lichfield, Staffs.
LUNDY, W., 45, Victor Street, Grimsby.
MADKINS, H. A., 26, Swaffham Road, East Dereham, Norfolk.
MANWARING, C. W., 50, Week Street, Maidstone, Kent.
MARTIN, A. (Mrs.), 156, Trentham Road, Gardea Village, Stoke-on-Trent.
MARSDEN, F., 20, Pilkington Street, Blackburn.
MASON, E. E. (Mrs.), 31, Dorset Mount, Leeds.
MATCHETT, R. L. (Rev.), Hotel Stranorlar, Co. Donegal, Ireland.
MAYOR, W., 44, Rampside, Barrow-in-Furness.
McALLISTER, G. (Mrs.), c.o. G. Rutherford, 3, Madison Avenue East Belfast.
McCUBBIE, I. (Miss), 8, Flora Avenue, Darlington.
McCARTHY, T., c.o. Eastern Tel. Co., Ltd., 128, Colmore Row, Birmingham.
McMILLAN, G., 542, Springburn Road, Glasgow.
MIDDLETON, W., 65, Park Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.
MORRIS, A. (Miss), 12, Snow Hill, Wolverhampton.

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NORTH, F. B., 6, Hazelwood Road, Davenport, Stockport.
OLIVER, M. A., 37, Richmond Road, Tyne Dock.
OPENSHAW, J., 39, Dean Terr., Southwick-on-Wear, Sunderland.
PATTERSON, D. M., 195, Elmhurst Mansions, Clapham, S.W.
PHILLIPS, A. V., 163, King's Road, Cardiff.
RAYNES, S., 75, Aisthorpe Road, Woodseats, Sheffield.
RINGHAM, C., 3, Gwynne Cotts, Merthyr, South Wales.
REPLEY, W., North Road Shops, Darlington.
ROUND, J., 42a, New Cross Road, London, S.E.
ROXBURGH, W. H., 8, Woodside Terrace, Salme, Dunfermline, N.B.
RUDGE, R. E. D., The Parade, Avon Vale, Bristol.
RUSSELL, K. (Mrs.), Redfern Villas, Haywood Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.
SANT, P., Outwell, Barnsley, Yorks.
SCHOFIELD, B., 85, Fletcher Street, Bolton.
SHARP, P. P., 12, Laneham Street, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
SMITH, A. A., 4, King Street, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.
SMITH, A., 279, Brighton Rd., Gateshead.
SOLLEY, J., 8, St. Hilary Terr., Plymouth
TAYLOR, M. (Mrs.), 27, Row Street, Croslan l Moor, Hudlersfield.
TEMPEST, J. A., Front Street, South Hetton, near Sunderland.
TENNANT, A., Victoria Villas, Albert Street, Holbeach, Lincs.
THOMAS, S. A. (Mrs.), 30, Rutland Street, Swansea.
THOMPSON, M. (Mrs.), 7, Victoria Road, Middlesbrough.
THOMPSON, A., 64, Ellesten Road, Crewe, Cheshire.
WAINWRIGHT, (Mrs.), 5, Argyle Street, Wrexham.
WALKER, W. A., 35, Tudor Road, Mare Street, Hackney, London.
WALKER, W., 36, Eastbourne Gardens, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
WIGFIELD, G., Furlong Road, Goldthorpe, Rotherham.
WILSON, L. T., Southgate, Novembe Street, Market Harboro'.
WILSON, D. (Mrs.), Ecclestourne, Wallingford-on-Thames, Berks.
WINCHESTER, J. B., Northcott, Woburn Green, Bucks.
WOOLF, A. W., Cecil Park, Herne Bay.
YOUNG, J., Dean Terrace, Scapa, Scotland.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

LAKE, H. R. (Mrs.), 8, East Street, Bridport, Dorset.
LANGMAN, J., 26, Oxford Street, Bilston, Staffs.
LANGAN, T., 28, Llandaff Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.
LEACH, A. (Miss), 26, Burrows Rd., Swansea
LEE, A., 12, Chilworth Street, Rusholme, Manchester.
LEWIS, H. W., 27, Bannister Gardens, Clapham Junction, S.W.
LIDDLE, J., 34, Sea Road, Fulwell, Sunderland.
LOCKWOOD, G. J., 4, Latimer Road, Forest Gate, London E.
LOVEGROVE, A. E., Brightwell, Henrietta Rise, Caversham, Reading.
LYNCH, C., 50, Cuatham St., Liverpool.
MAHONY, J. (Mrs.), 13, Dent Street, West Hartlepool.
MARSHALL, W., 24, Milbourne Street, Blackpool.
MASON, A., Keeper's Lodge, Temple Belwood, Belton, near Doncaster.
MATHEW, A. J., West Doura Place, Kilwinning, Ayr.
MAWER, W., Green Lane, Earl, Sibsey, Boston.
MAYOR, R. F., 14, Station Parade, Portsmouth, Todmorden.

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1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 28, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, October 15th

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and reconsidered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

A Big Cheque for the Best "Bullet" received.

1st Prize **£250** **1st Prize**

£250 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £20 each

100 Prizes of 10/-

10 Prizes of £2 10 | **1,000 Handsome Prizes** | **200 Prizes of 5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY	SUDDEN COLLAPSE	THE LATEST NEWS	SAME OLD GAME	ON GUARD
UNWELCOME ADVANCES	A CLEVER MOVE	UTTER RUBBISH	FINAL EDITION	MAKES PEOPLE TALK
THE CROWN PRINCE	GERMAN RIGHT	ENGAGING THE COOK	BAD NIGHT'S REST	BRITISH PLUCK
OFFICIAL ACCOUNTS	LANDLADY'S TONGUE	CARRYING ON	AMATEUR WORK	FILLING THE GAPS
THE KAISER'S HOPE	GIVING HIM REST	WHEN FATHER SPEAKS	THE LATEST NEWS	CHANGING HIS MIND
THE EVIL DAY	WIFE'S RELATIONS	AFTER SUPPER	BONE OF CONTENTION	LONDON BY NIGHT

BEST PRIZE OFFER OF ANY PAPER

Closing date, Thursday, October 15th

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(106) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated October 17th.

Closing date, Thursday, October 15th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(106) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 106." "JOHN BULL," LOAD ADE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 103 See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "CHANGING HIS MIND," and take the letters "S" and "G," using the word "Engagement" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "SEQUEL, ENGAGEMENT CANCELLED."

From the example "WHEN FATHER SPEAKS," the Bullet "SILENCE EXPECTED" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "MAKES PEOPLE TALK," using the letter "M" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "MASTER WEDS MAIDSERVANT."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 31st, 1914.

RESULT OF 103RD BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. ADAM M. AITKEN,
25, High Street,
Hawick, Scotland.

Example:—FEELING THE PINCH.
Bullet:—NEVER JUSTIFIES "PINCHING."

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

Mr. A. E. EDWARDS, 2, Crediton Mansions, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.:
GERMAN ACCOUNTS—"SPLIT" OUR "SIDES."

Mr. FRANK VOCE, 7, Gordon Avenue, Waterloo, Liverpool:
BY THE FIRESIDE—"FUTURE STATES" DISCUSSED.

Mr. R. M. WILLIAMSON, Junr., 309, Leith Walk, Edinburgh:
FEELING THE PINCH—FAT LADY FREQUENTLY.

Mr. WM. KENWORTHY, Brick Mill Cottage, Mossley, Manchester:
CHARGING DOUBLE—"RUSH" OF BUSINESS.

Mr. CHAS. WILLMAN, 41, East Dulwich Grove, London, S.E.:
SHOCKING WASTE—WORDS IN AGREEMENT.

Mr. JOHN W. WILSON, 6, Sackville Garden, Ballybough Road, Dublin:
GERMAN ACCOUNTS—RESEMBLE JOSEPH'S COAT.

Mr. F. LE SAUX, 12, Kensington Place, Jersey, Channel Islands:
BRITISH SOLDIERS—EVERY "COLOUR" RELIABLE.

Mr. NEIL B. HENDERSON, 3, Playfair St., Bridgeton, Glasgow:
GERMAN ACCOUNTS—UNINTENTIONALLY BETRAY "MUTILATION."

Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, 16, Wern Road, Landore, Swansea:
GENERALLY PROVES EXPENSIVE—PUB BEFORE GRUB.

Mr. A. HAGUE, 191, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds:
BY THE FIRESIDE—TEUTONS WISH TOMMY.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. G. J. DRIVER, "Pembury," Dudley Rd., Ventnor, I.O.W.:
SILENT WATCH—SELDOM FOOTBALL CROWDS.

Miss E. COULTHURST, 12, Merton Road, Southsea, Hants.:
ENGLAND'S SALVATION—"STAND"—AND "DELIVER."

Mr. L. J. DRIVER, 24, Gring Street, Spalding:
GERMAN ACCOUNTS—EDITIONS WITH ADDITIONS.

Mr. JAMES THOMPSON, 180, Church Road, Teddington, Mdlx.
BY THE FIRESIDE—HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS.

Mr. ARTHUR LEVERETT, Central Engraving Co., 21, Camomile Street, London, E.C.:
PUBLISHING THE TRUTH—HOSPITALS IN GERMANY.

Miss M. AINSWORTH, at Mayboro', Tarraway Road, Paignton, South Devon:
HURRYING HOME—MENDICANT FORGETS INFIRMITIES.

Mr. W. MARGACH, 36, Millar Crescent, Edinburgh:
SHOCKING WASTE—ANY JUST NOW.

Mr. ERNEST A. LITTLE, 54, Rodney Road, Hackney Downs, N.E.
CHANGE OF FRONT—CANVASSER ENCOUNTERS HUBBY.

Mr. THOMAS DEEGAN, 18, Havelock Square, Sandymount Dublin:
SHOCKING WASTE—ANYTHING FATHER'S ALLOWED.

Mr. B. NEAL, 9, Cross Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.:
BY THE FIRESIDE—THINGS SEEM BRIGHTER.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ADOLPHUS, J., 19, Alderney Road, Mile End, E.
AGER, H., 184, Hollydale Road, Peckham, S.E.
AWLEY, S. H., 57, Lyndhurst Road, North End, Portsmouth.
BAGGALEY, M., 8, Bedford Place, Southampton.
BAILEY, D. (Mrs.), Olivers Lane, Shrub End, Colchester, Essex.
BARKER, M., 86, Railway Road, Urmston, near Manchester.
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BOND (Mrs.), 1, Greenwood Terr., Southwall Rd., Deal, Kent.
BREWER, E., Bridge Street, Sturminster, Newton, Dorset.
BRABHAM, S., Wells, Norfolk.
BUCHANAN, J., 54, New Cut, Lambeth, London, S.E.,
BUGLASS, W., Iwisell Road, Beamish, Durham.
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GREENALL, R. S., Dutton, Longridge, Preston.
GREIG, W. A., 47, Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen.
GRIFFITH, L., 20, Zachariah Street, Salford.
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HOLDER, F., Husher Cottage, Back Lane, Letchmore Heath, Watford, Herts.
HOUGHTON, J. H., 16, Entwistle St., Waitworth Pk., Manchester
HUCKINS, C. H., Castlethorpe Mill, Stony Stratford, Bucks.
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JENKINSON, W. H., Nilford Cottage, Hednesford.
JUDGE, C. (Mrs.), 48 Sandringham Rd., Golder's Green, N.W.
KELLOCK, W., 45, Abercorn Road, Londonderry.
KEMP, S. E. (Mrs.), 8, Campbell Road, Gravesend, Kent.
KNAPMAN, G. A., 85, Durnford Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.
LABAN, P., Arboretum Hotel, Derby.
LANSDOWN, F. G. (Mrs.), Norton St. Philip, Bath.
LAWRENCE, AMY, 78, Newgate Street, City, London.
LITTLEWOOD, E. (Mrs.), 185, Capstone Road, Bournemouth.
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LOMAS, H., 92, Westminster Road, Hoole, Chester.
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MADKINS, H. A., 26, Swaffham Road, East Dereham, Norfolk.
MANWARING, C. W., 50, Week Street, Maidstone, Kent.
MARTIN, A. (Mrs.), 156, Trentham Road, Gardea Village, Stoke-on-Trent.
MARSDEN, F., 20, Pilkington Street, Blackburn.
MASON, E. E. (Mrs.), 31, Dorset Mount, Leeds.
MATCHETT, R. L. (Rev.), Hotel Stranorlar, Co. Donegal, Ireland.
MAYOR, W., 44, Rampside, Barrow-in-Furness.
McALLISTER, G. (Mrs.), c.o. G. Rutherford, 3, Madison Avenue East Belfast.
McCUBBIE, I. (Miss), 8, Flora Avenue, Darlington.
McCARTHY, T., c.o. Eastern Tel. Co., Ltd., 128, Colmore Row, Birmingham.
McMILLAN, G., 542, Springburn Road, Glasgow.
MIDDLETON, W., 65, Park Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.
MORRIS, A. (Miss), 12, Snow Hill, Wolverhampton.

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OPENSHAW, J., 39, Dean Terr., Southwick-on-Wear, Sunderland.
PATTERSON, D. M., 193, Elmhurst Mansions, Clapham, S.W.
PHILLIPS, A. V., 163, King's Road, Cardiff.
RAYNES, S., 75, Aisthorpe Road, Woodseats, Sheffield.
RINGHAM, C., 3, Gwynne Cotts, Merthyr, South Wales.
RIPLEY, W., North Road Shops, Darlington.
ROUND, J., 42a, New Cross Road, London, S.E.
ROXBURGH, W. H., 8, Woodside Terrace, Salme, Dunfermline, N.B.
RUDGE, R. E. D., The Parade, Amos Vale, Bristol.
RUSSELL, K. (Mrs.), Redfern Villas, Haywood Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.
SANT, P., Outwell, Barnsley, Yorks.
SCHOFIELD, B., 85, Fletcher Street, Bolton.
SHARP, P. P., 12, Laneham Street, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
SMITH, A. A., 4, King Street, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.
SMITH, A., 279, Brighton Rd., Gateshead.
SOLLEY, J., 8, St. Hilary Terr., Plymouth
TAYLOR, M. (Mrs.), 27, Row Street, Crosland Moor, Huddersfield.
TEMPEST, J. A., Front Street, South Hetton, near Sunderland.
TENNANT, A., Victoria Villas, Albert Street, Holbeach, Lincs.
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WALKER, W., 36, Eastbourne Gardens, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
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WILSON, D. (Mrs.), Ecclestourne, Wallingford-on-Thames, Berks.
WINCHESTER, J. B., Northcroft, Woodburn Green, Bucks.
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LANGAN, T., 25, Llandaff Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.
LEACH, A. (Miss), 26, Burrows Rd., Swansea
LEE, A., 12, Chilworth Street, Rusholme, Manchester.
LEWIS, H. W., 27, Bminster Gardens, Clapham Junction, S.W.
LIDDLE, J., 34, Sea Road, Fulwell, Sunderland.
LOCKWOOD, G. J., 4, Latimer Road, Forest Gate, London E.
LOVEGROVE, A. E., Brightwell, Hemdean Rise, Caversham, Reading.
LYNCH, C., 50, Chatham St., Liverpool.
MAHONY, J. (Mrs.), 13, Dent Street, West Hartlepool.
MARSHALL, W., 24, Milbourne Street, Blackpool.
MASON, A., Keeper's Lodge, Temple Belwood, Betton, near Doncaster.
MATHEW, A. J., West Doura Place, Kilwinning, Ayr.
MAWER, W., Green Lane, Earl Sibsey, Boston.
MAYOR, R. F., 14, Station Parade, Portsmouth, Todmorden.

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6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Fire your "Silver Bullet" at Germany

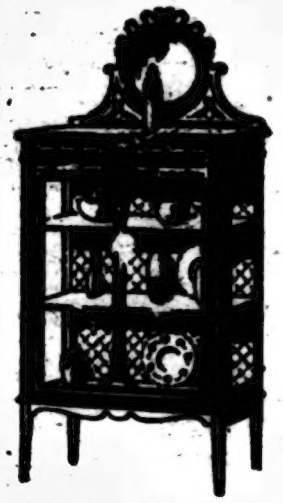
Special War Appeal

The Germans counted on distress and unemployment at home to weaken the arm of Britain abroad. They reckoned without the resources which Mr. Lloyd George has called our "silver bullets." They reckoned without the spirit of men and women such as you.

Help to keep the flag of Trade and Employment flying!

Large and comfortable Easy Chair, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry or cretonne. £2 2s. 6d.

Customers' Fares Paid to Town on all orders of £20 and over. Country orders packed and delivered free.



Dainty Mahogany Cabinet, hand decorated and lined with silk damask, 6 ft. high, 2 ft. 6 in. wide. £4 4s. 0d.

Furnish at the "Midland" on Ideal Terms.

Why should the War Lords of Prussia compel you to wait until after the War for furniture you require now? Get what you want to-day; get it at the "Midland," London's Leading Furnishers. In war-time, as in peace, the "Midland" offer you the choice of over £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture on the famous Ideal Terms which enable you to choose at your leisure and pay at your convenience.

An exceptionally fine Sideboard, designed in the style of the Jacobean period. Soundly constructed of oak, and very carefully finished in every detail. £5 18s. 6d.

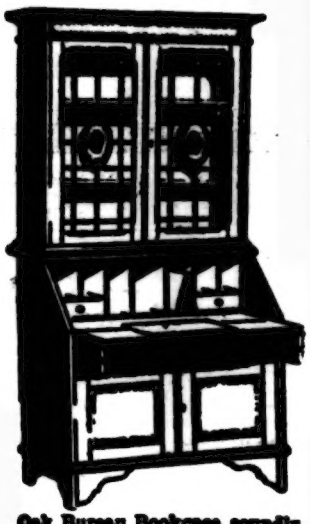
Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

This handsome volume will be sent you free of all charge, for a postcard giving your name and address. It contains over 1,000 photographs of furniture, actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons at 15-23, Southampton Row, W.C. Every purchase you make will be a bargain; every purchase will help to maintain British Trade and British employment; every purchase will be your "silver bullet" fired at the legions of the Kaiser.

Ideal Terms.

Worth		Per Month.
£10	...	£0 6 0
£20	...	0 11 0
£30	...	0 17 0
£40	...	1 5 0
£50	...	1 8 0
£100	...	2 5 0
£200	...	4 10 0
£500	...	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.



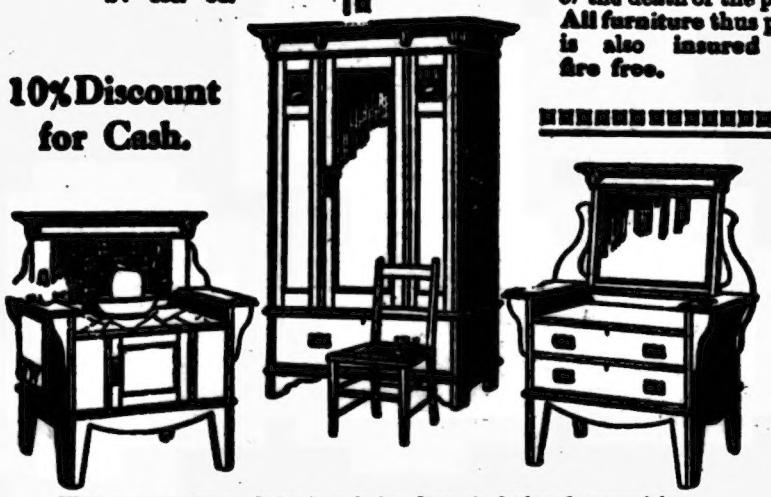
Oak Bureau Bookcase, soundly constructed, with leaded light glass doors and fitted with full front, 3 ft. wide, 7 ft. high, 16 in. deep. £6 15s. 6d.

Free Life and Fire Insurance.

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on *Ideal* Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire free.

10% Discount for Cash.



Well-made Bedroom Suite in oak, handsomely designed, comprising a commodious wardrobe with full-length bevelled mirror in door, dressing chest with bevelled swing mirror, washstand with marble top and tiled back, complete with two rush-seated chairs. £6 6s. 6d.

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL.** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

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